

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

THE position which this lady sustains to the literature of the country, and, more particularly, which she is to sustain toward the readers of this magazine, renders a sketch of her life and labors eminently proper. We therefore make free to transfer to "THE HOME" the notice of the lady which appeared in the *Art Journal* for March, 1857, only adding such other data as seems to have been omitted in that sketch. The article will be perused with interest.—[PUB.]

"It is both pleasurable and painful to witness the struggles of unfolding genius—pleasurable, as all beauty

is; painful, that it should receive so many wounds by way of mortifications and discouragements. It may be a necessity of nature that every true soul must be tried to test its temper, and that each obstacle is a lesson to be overcome—that, through many painful processes only is the triumph to be had. Were it otherwise, we should have few well-schooled minds, fewer well-tuned heart-strings,—all would be vague in purpose, unphilosophical in judgment, and profitless in fruits. No 'great soul' ever rose to eminence except through struggles which would

have intimidated lesser and more pliant natures. It is this which reconciles us to the adverses which beset almost every advanced step Genius dares to take; and while we look on, and feel pity for the toiler, we are filled with pleasure at the consciousness that such trial will bring forth its rich rewards of experiences,—the best treasury of wealth to the well-balanced mind.

"The subject of this sketch is no exception to the almost universal experience of persons "not born to wealth, nor to power thrust." Her life has been one of haps and mishaps—of fortune various; and, it is agreeable to write, has brought the reward which merit is sure, sooner or later, to win, viz: a loving consideration by the public, and a *paying* consideration by publishers.

"METTA VICTORIA FULLER was born in Erie, Pennsylvania, in the year 1831, and resided in that vicinity until 1839, when her parents removed to Ohio, with their family of five children, of which she was the third. It was at the early age of *six* years that her taste for poetry began to betray the genius within. Moore, Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth *then* became her best, familiar friends. With a singularly tenacious memory, she acquired a mastery of quotations which rendered her a prodigy to teachers and schoolmates.

"At *thirteen* she commenced the career of authorship, which she has followed up to the present time. It is said of Bryant that, at fourteen, he made his mark in literature, and Dr. Griswold is fain to regard it as something remarkably precocious. At *thirteen* our subject wrote a story which yet occasionally "goes the round," from its beauty and rich glow of fancy. From that time to the present, her labors for the press have been more or less constant. Sharing with a very superior mother, and her gifted sister, Frances A., the duties of home, she yet gave herself up to study and composition so far as time would allow.

"At fifteen, she wrote her first lengthy work, and produced a romance marked by great originality and beauty. It resurrected the Past, and under guise of fiction, gave life and power to the dead cities of Yucatan. It may be mentioned, as showing the sympathy existing between the sisters, that the same winter found Frances A. at work upon a romance of Cuban life. In their daily tasks, in their studies, in their autorial labors, the sisters were inseparable, and, almost hand in hand, passed to the places accorded them by an admiring public.

"At seventeen, Metta V. became a favorite of the *Home Journal*, and wrote much for its pages. Mr. Willis took great pride in his contributor, and thus expressed himself:

"We suppose ourselves to be throwing no shade of disparagement upon any one in declaring that in "Singing Sybil," (Miss Fuller's *nom de plume*,) and her not less gifted sister, we discern more unquestionable marks of true genius, and a greater portion of the unmistakable inspiration of true poetic art, than in any of the lady minstrels—delightful and splendid as some of them have been—that we have heretofore ushered to the applause of the public. One in spirit, and equal in genius, these most interesting and brilliant ladies—both still in the earliest youth—are undoubtedly destined to occupy a very distinguished and permanent place among the native authors of this land."

This is high praise, when it is considered that the brilliant Edith May, Grace Greenwood, Alice Carey, etc., were constant contributors to that journal. The character of the matter furnished by the sisters fully warranted the critic's expression. Metta, besides many poems, perfectly corruscating with beauties, gave to the columns of the *Journal* "The Tempter," which challenged remark even in Great Britain, where it was pronounced a fitting conclusion to Dr. Croly's "Salathiel."

"In 1850, the sisters published their

first volume — 'Poems of Sentiment and Imagination, with Dramatic and Descriptive Pieces.' It was composed chiefly of contributions to the press, though 'Azlea, a Tragedy,' by Frances, and the 'Poet Lovers,' by Metta, had never before been given to the public. The volume had the effect to excite public expectancy still more of the power and strength of the genius of the authors. Its faults, though many, were those of youth and inexperience, while its beauties were those belonging to true genius.

"In 1850-51, George H. Derby & Co., of Buffalo, gathered together the prose of Metta V., under the title of 'Fresh Leaves from Western Woods.' The volume included 'The Tempter, a sequel to the Wandering Jew;' 'Mother and Daughter,' etc. It had a good sale.

"In the fall of 1851, our subject's 'Senator's Son' was published. The work was written to order, and proved a great success. It was republished in England, and thirty thousand copies sold; though, like a great many other authors whose works the English press appropriates, Miss Fuller received no material benefit from the large sale.

"The succeeding years were devoted to very numerous magazine and newspaper engagements. A great deal of labor was expended on Prize tales, and popular nouvelles. That branch of literature *paying* best, compelled labor which would gladly have been devoted to more noble themes and endeavors."

It is worthy of remark, (as showing not only the popularity of these newspaper labors, but as throwing some light on the manner in which many publishers avoid paying the author any copyright percentum,) that many of these prize tales have been republished in book form, and have had large sales. For *such* works publishers could well afford "a prize."

In the fall of 1856, Derby & Jackson, of New York, brought out, from the pen of our subject, "The Two

Wives," a plain, unvarnished tale of experience in the American Sodom, Utah. It is a work of real pathos and power, pointing to a moral of overwhelming force. The book is still having a fine sale.

In poetry, Miss Fuller, from her first contributions to the *Home Journal*, challenged attention; and her succeeding efforts have not failed to fulfil her brilliant promise. The poems, "Body and Soul," "The Red Hunters," "Let the Childless Weep," "The Witch's Deed," "The Wine of Pomassus," "The Two Pictures," etc., etc., are regarded, by our most discerning critics, as among the very best things in our literature. The latter poem was read at the Third Annual Proceedings of the Cosmopolitan Art Association—Ralph Waldo Emerson delivering the address.

It may also be mentioned, as showing the estimation in which the lady is held "out West," that she was chosen by the Ohio Editorial Association (composed of the leading journalists of the State,) to prepare the poem to be read at their third annual session, January 10th, 1857. She was the first woman chosen for that honor, and her election was unanimous.

It is intimated that our poetess is the author of the poem "Arctic Queen," which created such a sensation in literary circles in the winter of 1857. It appeared in a twelve mo. volume of 64 pages, with no name of author or publisher—no clue being afforded to its source. It won from the press many elaborate notices, and was quite generally pronounced one of the most original and beautiful works in the whole range of English poetic literature.

It is only necessary for the lady to acknowledge the authorship of the "Arctic Queen," and to give it, together with the poems mentioned above, proper republication, to place her, at once, at the head of living American female poets. It is certainly to be hoped that this collection may be made.

In July, 1856, Miss Fuller was married to O. J. Victor, Esq., one of the leading journalists of Ohio. In the summer of 1857 they removed to New York city, giving their whole attention to literature. Both are regular contributors to the leading magazines. Mrs. Victor is understood to be the author of those humorous papers in "*Godey*," which have given to that magazine such a pleasing feature, viz: "The Tallow Family Papers," "Lucy in the City," "Fitz Foom in the Country," "Trials of an Irish House Servant," etc., etc. That Mrs. Victor should excel equally in poetry, in romance, in criticism and essay, in humor and satire, shows her to be possessed of vast versatility of genius, and gives us every reason to hope much from her pen, now just coming into the fullness of its graces and strength.

MAUD ELLISTON'S LOVE STORY.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

"Oh! love, love well, but only once! for never shall the dream
Of youthful hope return again on life's dark rolling stream."

NORTON.

"My heart is very tired — my strength is low,
My hands are full of blossoms plucked before —
Held dead within them till myself shall die."

BROWNING.

"THESE are dreamy, dreamy autumn days!" said poor Maud, as she folded her almost transparent hands over the folds of her drab dress. "Every thing looks so beautiful in its decay, except mortals," she went on to say, not knowing how lovely her spirit seemed to us as it gazed outward from under long white eyelashes, and through great brown eyes. "How the veil of mistiness droops down from heaven and softens the gorgeousness of Nature's royal robes! The spirit seems to feel a kindred presence of something better than ourselves, and yet sympathizing with our souls. I used, many a weary year ago, to dread the autumn days and the thoughts they brought,

for I was young then, and saw so much this side the grave too fair, too blissful for any change to make it brighter than I dreaded it.

"There was one, I can not name him, who sat by me on such days as these, and together we wove glorious woofs of future happiness. Not a thread but was beautiful — oh, so beautiful, and neither the past or the to come of our life wore a shadow.

"One night, it seems, oh, so long ago, yet every event is perfect as if it was written with a diamond upon the pages of memory, we sat with palm clasped upon palm, and the young moon hung in the western sky its crescent of silver, and the crimson leaves were lush with dewiness, and dallied rustlingly with each other, and the pale light and dark shadows, and we — we talked of the next moon, the Christmas-time, when the hope of so many years should become fruition — when the love of so many years should be blessed in the dim old church where we were both christened. We had waited long for each other, or rather till the prudence of our parents should be satisfied, for we were neither blessed with riches of gold, and so we had waited. Every parental wish had been obeyed, and we felt blessed beyond expression, now that a prospect of a dear little home loomed up so clearly before us. Indeed, it was more than a prospect, for the cottage was bought, and many substantial articles of household necessity had already found their way into its coveted rooms.

"That is our sign, that fair, young moon," said — no, I can not speak his name — said he, "and we will watch it go down, and take its sinking for a sign."

"So silently, with that satisfying enjoyment two who love each other wholly feel, in profound stillness we sat and watched. Down toward the earth it seemed to sink, beautifully clear for a little time, when like a

huge black mountain surging upward, a cloud wrapped the crescent in its folds, and a dull pain entered our souls, and we rose, and with no words entered the pathway that led to my father's house. There were lights flashing to and fro, and an unusual disturbance apparently, which made me forget for the time the oppression that had fallen upon us, and hasten onward.

"God had laid heavy darkness upon us, for the light of our home had gone out like the crescent from our sight—like a great hope dying from our hearts forever. My mother, that night, was robed with the saints who walk the azure floors of heaven. She was sitting close with my father, and they were talking of me, their only child, and of her coming happiness, and gazing out upon the same bright moon, when the sudden darkness shut my mother's face from my father's gaze, and he heard a light sigh, and said, 'What is it, Mary?'

"But no word came from her lips, and when a lamp was brought, he only saw the clay he had thought so beautiful, and the desolation made a child of him—a helpless child always!

"It was a dreadful night, but there was some consolation left me, for—he—staid to comfort me. I remember—I remember how it all passed away,—the coffin, the funeral, and then the days of loneliness, my father's helplessness, and the indefinitely postponed marriage.

"He did not like to have the delay, for we had both waited years; but the world has its code, and we feel somehow compelled to obey. My father was wholly unconscious of our plans, as he was of every thing else, and only talked all day long to his sweet Mary, who he fancied always by his side. I could not leave the poor old man for any comfort of my own, and—he did not ask me to take him to the cottage, and was unwilling to live in our old home. And

so Christmas passed, and I trailed my sable robes up to the altar of the old church, and prayed *alone*. He went to the city to better his fortune, and promised to write often, and he did. But a change came over the spirit of his messages, which had hitherto brought all the sunshine that had ever entered our home. Indeed, with me it had ceased to be home. My father was literally dead; his pure spirit had passed, or became clouded, and his poor wasted frame needed constant care.

"Thus a year went by—a year of hope fading away into desolation. He had become changed. Mammon had taken him for its votary, and I was but a country girl, and unfitted to be his wife. He said he hated the day that took him from his quiet home; but he had gone—he had changed—he could never be as he was before, and I—I must forgive him and forget him forever.

"I did forgive him, and tried to obey him in the last request, but I could not. I loved him still with the whole might of my womanhood, and only kept pity for him—utter pity.

"Another year passed, and I heard he was married—married to a lady of great beauty and wealth. I did not hate him, did not even blame him, for she had charms which I did not possess. He said my eyes were beautiful, and I believed him, but I knew it was all the charm I had, except that my long curls had grown pretty in my esteem since he had twirled them so many, many times upon his fingers. I could tell you just how many times, so precious to me was every little caress of his; but it had all passed as a lovely picture fades from our fancy—just as the glorious images we see in the clouds change to huge black thunder caps. I prayed for him, that he might sometime return to the purity of his childhood. I never prayed for myself, and I was thankful for the memory even of his love for me, and felt—nay, fully believed that down,

way down in his soul — his better nature — he loved poor Maud Elliston still. The breaking of this belief, the crushing of this dream, broke my heart, and blanched my long curls with the whiteness of snow.

"It was years after, and my father had, in truth, joined his Mary, and I was alone. I became a governess in a pleasant family, for poverty had not prevented me from receiving quite a passable education, and we went much abroad. I heard of him often, how he had gone up,— up on the tide of popularity and wealth; but still I believed he had a sacred memory of me. His wife died. How my heart ached for him! How sure I was he would come back to me in his grief for sympathy; but he did not. I knew he could find me if he sought me, and so day by day this thought faded.

"Once we were on the deck of a steamer; and as I was looking outward toward the river's shore, watching for the first glimpse of the spire of the old church where I was to have been wed, a voice that sent every drop of blood from my face remarked to me, 'It is a pretty spot we are nearing,' and as I nodded my head, not daring to lift it, for *he* stood by me, he continued, 'I was born there, and spent many happy years; but they were wasted ones. One lives a drone's life in such a place.'

"'I don't think so,' I got voice to say, 'for I spent many years in that town.'

"'Indeed!' he replied, trying in vain to get a glimpse of my face. 'Perhaps we have mutual acquaintance. Did you ever know Maud Elliston?'

"'I've seen her,' I could hardly articulate, feeling that he remembered me yet.

"'I used to know her,' he went on to say in a cold tone, 'and she was rather a fine girl, had beautiful eyes and hair, but was firm as a little Methodist. Indeed, I had a very desperate flirtation (once he abhorred that

word) with her; but it was before I had cut my wisdom teeth, and I recovered after a timely application of a little worldly wisdom. How like a dream it seems to me!'

"I tried to rise to escape to some place, no matter where; so terribly had the blow wounded me, that I could not, and I fell beside the man who even then I would have spared the pain of knowing he had at last crushed me with his worldliness.

"He lifted me up, and, they told me, groaned as he looked into my face, and begged them to save me, but *I*— I never looked into his again with the life flooding it. Last night I stole softly up the steps of his stately mansion, and was admitted where he lay with the death seal upon his lips; but I kissed them, and the servant who watched me was startled at the vehemence of my sorrow, but I left him with no word.

"To-night that young moon hangs in the west just as it did *that* night, and if I could only go as my mother did, and I hope I may, for the pain has grown dull and deeper since yesterday down in my heart, and there is no more of life to me now that he has gone. God forgave him, I am sure, for I prayed for him, and they tell me blessed news—that he prayed for himself!"

The moon went under a dark cloud, and Maud Elliston went to heaven!

A SCHOOL TEACHER'S FIRST CHAPTER.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

"**N**OT into the woods! not into the woods, to teach one of their log-cabin schools!" The exclamation was made, in a tone of surprise, by one of my friends to whom I had explained my winter arrangements for the winter of 183—, during which season I took my initiatory season in school teaching.

"Yes, certainly," I replied; "I prefer to take my first step as a

teacher in the back woods, so that if I commit any *gaucheries*, they will be the less visible."

"You are mistaken!" exclaimed my friend; "it is the worst place in the world for a beginner. There are no people in the world so exacting as those who know nothing. You will find them the most jealous and difficult to please of any people in the world. I know all about it. I have taught in their log school houses, and am familiar with their Alpha and Omega."

I have not lived until this present time, without being able to testify fully to the truth of my friend's assertion with regard to the class of people among whom I was about to take up my abode. But it is not with this that my present sketch has to do. I wish simply to introduce my readers into one of the rural districts at the west in the same manner in which I was introduced to them myself, some twelve or fifteen years ago.

In answer to her inquiries, I explained to my companion the localities of the district for which I was engaged, and the name of the "Squire" who had hired me, and received in return the pleasant information that she knew all about it,—that the district was one which had separated from the one over *on the west road* in L. . . ., on account of constant bickerings and quarrels, caused by the same Squire Harty and friends, for the new district was composed almost entirely of his brothers and sons-in-law. And then, with the stinging assurance that I had fallen into a hornet's nest, she left me.

Very pleasant anticipations were these with which to commence a winter's work; but I was obliged to go forward, nothing daunted. In fact, there was little time to retreat, for the next day, which was Saturday, was to bring the promised messenger to convey me to my new Paradise in the woods.

Saturday morning dawned — no,

not dawned — at least not to us, for the regiments of clouds that barricaded the sky shut out all approach to any thing which could be called dawn. Oh, how dismally the rain poured down that day, dull November rain, without hinderance or cessation, and the red clay of which our roads were composed drank deeper and deeper of the descending shower, until they were in *such* a state!

It was a little past noon when my escort made its appearance, and a most singular appearance it was, assuredly. Two ragged-looking Indian ponies halted suddenly at the gate, and stood, splashed with mud, with their wild eyes peering out from under those portions of the mane which had been harnessed down over their foreheads, and from one of these a raw-boned lad, with yellow hair, which had seldom been made acquainted with a comb finer than his fingers, dismounted and entered the house.

"Do you expect me to ride out there on one of those horses?" I asked, when he had announced himself as the messenger I was expecting.

"Yes, marm," he replied; "couldn't get over here with a cart no how; *pop* says the bottom of the road is dropped out."

Perhaps the reader is not aware that "*pop*" is a musical abbreviation for *papa* in some sections of the country. I think there are many discoveries in language yet to be made for the benefit of some future lexicographer. *Johnty* — that was his name, as I afterward ascertained — delivered this saying of his father with immovable gravity of countenance, and a laudable attempt to cover the slight twinkle of fun that lurked under his bleached eyelashes.

"Well," said I, imitating the gravity which the boy so well maintained, "I have no fancy to ride over *bottomless* roads even on those horses."

"Them horses is just like rats," replied *Johnty*; "they can go anywheres — skurry along by the fence,

or through the underbrush — that's the best way. The rain don't soak so in the woods as it does in the wheel-track."

"But what shall I do with my trunk?" I persisted, as one difficulty after another rose in my mind.

"Guess I can take it on before," replied Johnty.

I looked at the boy to see if he was in earnest, and then at the horses, and concluded by leading him into the next room, and pointing to the trunk.

"Bigger 'n the horses, that's a fact," said Johnty, shaking his head, and scratching it. Then he walked around the trunk and whistled, and then leaned against the door and considered. "Wall," said he, "I reckon the Squire'll come over as soon as snow comes; he's *ben* wanting to come some time. He'll fetch it over, and you'll be sure to get it before Christmas."

This, then, was the best that I could do. The pocket that "Molly Rocket lost," was found that day stowed away in some corner of the house, and you may be sure there was more "in it" after I had pressed it into service than "the yallow binding round it," and then the satchel that Johnty took on before in place of the trunk, was a large one, so that I was quite well furnished in this respect. With regard to my personal accoutrements I make no confession, except that my bonnet was consigned to my trunk, and the little schoolhood which I had provided was rescued from its packing to *crown* my apparel. It was one of these "kiss me quicks," as they are called, which were so much worn then, and answered to the "uglies" with which ladies now supply themselves, as well as any thing could which was not impervious to rain. Its wide cape and turned down front protected me from the rain until it was soaked through, and then I had to take a shower bath — that was all.

Johnty was right — "them horses was just like rats." They *did* skurry

along by the fences and through all sorts of break-neck places, which might have looked dubious to a better horseman than myself. The saddle on which I rode was a decided voucher for woman's rights, although it had no horns. It was a man's saddle. Twice during my ride it *turned*. The first time I dismounted on the fence, while Johnty arranged it; the second time I — *let it be*.

During a portion of our journey we kept in, or near the wood; but when within four or five miles of my place of destination, Johnty struck suddenly off into the woods, looking back — for he eschewed words — to see if I followed. I hesitated a moment, but I had faced too much already that day to retreat from any thing that was likely to offer. I pursued my conductor, who was guided by no possible track that I could discern, in through the forest, with my horse's feet buried in the withered, drenching leaves, and the low branches striking remorselessly in my face with their burden of scattering rain-drops, as I rode past them. I do assure you, my dear pedagogical friends, that I received more applications of the birch in that afternoon's ride, than I ever administered in the years of teaching which followed the first lesson I am describing. The horses, who probably knew they were approaching home, had commenced tearing through the woods with a rapidity that far exceeded my convenience, and when I could spare my attention for a moment, from the efforts necessary to keep my seat, I sometimes detected Johnty looking back with a broad grin on his face, though the laugh in which he was indulging was hastily covered up with a mask of the most imperturbable gravity the moment he detected my glance. "Never mind," I thought to myself, "you will probably be among my pupils, and I shall have the upper hand of you one of these days. Then we will see if you will be laughing at the *school ma'am*."

In the midst of this galloping through the woods, I saw suddenly stretching across our track a deep gully, with a swift, roaring race, or small stream, at the bottom of it. I glanced about me to see what mode there was of crossing, but there was none. Johnty, without the slightest ado, plunged down the bank, into the stream, and up the opposite side, and of course I could not be outdone by a mere boy. There was no hesitating for me, at least there was not for my horse, for he had skimmed with me through the water and up the opposite bank before I was well aware what I had done.

I drew a long breath, and looked back, while my dauntless Bucephalus was shaking the water from his sides. There had no harm come from the performance, except the drenching of the saddle which still held its chosen position underneath the horse, and a wetting of the hem of my riding habit, which was fortunately shorter than the fashion. There was no harm come of it, I say, but I never rode through such a place before, and I never intend to again.

Directly after this feat, we issued from the woods into a small "clearing," and leaping, with our rat-like horses, across the muddy road, we drew up beside the rail fence in front of one of the most primitive of all primitive log-cabins.

"Here's where you are to board the first week," said Johnty, as he helped me dismount, and leaving me to introduce myself to the inmates of the cabin, bade me good-night.

My mind was immediately set at rest about the ceremony of introduction, for I had scarcely begun to make my way through the swimming mud of the yard, when the door was thrown open, and a group of faces from the smallest known size, up, appeared in a semi-circle before it. They were not a motley group by any means, for the faces, although varying in size, were very much alike — a group of girls, seven in number, with clean,

pleasant faces, and smooth, shining hair. They were all dressed in new blue woolen dresses, with brown linen aprons nicely-ironed and clean, and presented altogether a more attractive appearance than I had expected to welcome me. In the midst stood the mother, a very appropriate finish to the party, dressed precisely like her daughters, with the addition of the white cambric cap whose broad ruffles fell over her dark hair. It was a warm welcome they gave me when I reached, at last, the threshold of the door, dripping with water, and splashed with mud.

"It is a terrible ride you've had of it this afternoon," said the mother, compassionately. "We hardly thought you would come." Indeed, I wondered at it some myself, but I was there. How they all bustled about for my comfort! "Mag, take the schoolma'am's bonnet, and hang it on the mantletree. Dolly, shake that cloak out of doors, and spread it over a chair. Here, Kate, put these rubbers where they will get dry. I declare," said the good woman, stopping short in her effort to disrobe me of wet garments, "I believe you are wet to the skin. I suppose your satchel is wet through, too," she added, thoughtfully, and an anxious look came over her face as if she was casting a hopeless thought over her own wardrobe, to see if it could possibly meet the emergency.

I set her mind at rest, however, by telling her that the satchel was India rubber, and when Mag had carefully wiped off the outside, it was opened, and its contents discovered nice and dry.

The house consisted of a single apartment, with a loft overhead. The floor, which had doubtless originally been of rough or half-planed boards, was long since scoured smooth, and was perfectly white and clean. A large stone chimney, with its capacious hearth, nearly filled one side of the room, while the remote corners were occupied each with a bed,

one of which had been curtained off with blankets and quilts, so as to form a small apartment, which piece of aristocracy was devoted exclusively to my own convenience. To this the good woman pointed triumphantly, when she saw me ready to change my apparel, as if well pleased with the result of her ingenuity.

"Can you give me a bowl of water?" I asked, as I *lifted up the door* of my room, and saw that it was sufficiently spacious to admit the performance of one's toilet without difficulty.

The water was brought, and a free use of it soon removed all danger of cold, which might otherwise have been the result of my afternoon's drenching. Supper was ready when I reappeared, and as I seated myself beside the snowy cloth, my apparel once more underwent the scrutiny from those curious little faces, with which it had first been greeted. Supper consisted of fried *souse* and potatoes, white bread, brown bread, fresh butter, dough nuts, and a nice cup of tea. Altogether the new home into which I had fallen was so much better than I expected, my spirits rose, and my prospects for winter comfort seemed to grow brighter.

Mr. Janes, the father, was now present, and though his clothes were clean and whole, there was a shabbiness in his general appearance which was not seen at all in the other members of the family. I did not quite understand him. In the contour of his forehead, and the upper part of his face, he was a noble-looking man, but there was a heavy, vacillating look about his mouth that did not please me. He spoke very little, but when he did, he showed a degree of intelligence and information, which he seemed rather to keep than to exhibit.

The rain poured down heavily all the evening, but about that log-cabin fire all was cheerful and pleasant; and before the evening passed, I began to think I had misjudged the

people of those log cabins, and they were of a better class than I had supposed.

The next day was the Sabbath, and was spent quietly about the same fire, for there was no church-going in that neighborhood. In the many stories which I read to the eager group of children around me, I felt that my work of teaching was already begun. Toward night the heavy rain changed to snow, and when I went to school the next morning, the trees that skirted the road were everywhere draped in a foliage of feathery snow. This light drapery is beautiful everywhere, but never more so than in the primeval forest, where the broken branches and decaying logs lie undisturbed, and form each a new and varied receptacle for the falling flakes. Here is a toad-stool, carrying itself gracefully under its newly-granted crown; there a broad leaf of moss, holding its portion of the treasure in its cup-like brim; and there, again, a withered, broken twig, that had blossomed into a snow-ball.

All that winter I loved to go to school in the morning before my pupils had finished their "chores" at home, in order that I might stop where I liked, to make the acquaintance of these beauties. And at night, when I had staid, reading or writing, in my school-room till the moon came up, I would go slowly toward my boarding-place, watching the shadows as they crept lovingly over my pets in the woods. Sometimes, when I lingered longer than usual, an owl would greet me with his sturdy "who, who," as if he were in doubt about the propriety of my intrusion. I never told him *who*, dear reader, but used to whisper softly, "It's only me," for I thought they ought to have known me long before.

My school-room — I reached it at last — was a new building of logs, with rough desks standing from the wall, and a few seats, in no one of which were any two of the four legs of equal length. The floor, which

was of rough boards, was laid with the same disregard to equality, and one or two of the boards had no support whatever at their termination, so that sometimes when I had called a class, and got them fairly trained into the *toeing of the mark*, and was ready to proceed, I would find them suddenly sliding down cellar, or sprawling in ludicrous positions on the floor. This had a disastrous effect upon my risibilities in one or two instances when it occurred, but I soon found that it was "no joke," and in no way to be compared with some of the other delectable variations of my school life.

The chief ornament and accommodation of my school-room, was a *stick chimney* — a thing which I had never seen before, but whose merits I tested to my entire satisfaction during the winter. The fire-place had a back and jambs of rough, misshapen stones, laid in mud, and extending three or four feet from the floor; the back jutting out a little beyond the outer wall of the building, and the jambs just coming to the surface of the wall within. The cross piece by which these democratic jambs were finished, was a stick of green timber, and from thence the wooden structure ascended upwards — stick upon stick — precisely in the manner of a child's *cob house*; the whole fitting into the outer wall, according to the most indefinite rules of architecture. A rough, stone hearth, and two uneven and uneasy *rocks*, as the children called them, for andirons, completed this arrangement for a fire. To my untutored eyes this structure had an ominous appearance, though it could not be said to bear the slightest approach to that which Downing calls "the favorite poison of America." There certainly was no danger there of our breathing "the vitiated air of close stoves," whatever other danger there might be.

I was too busy during the first day of my school, in accustoming myself to the oddities and crudities by which I was surrounded, to take in all the

beauties of our warming apparatus. The structure did not take fire during the first day, but the second it did, and usually on every day thereafter, until we came to regard it simply as a spicy little episode in the monotonous routine of school life. The burnings never did much harm, however. The committee under whose supervision the *school house* (?) was built, doubtless understood the capacities of green timber much better than I. A single pail of water often sufficed to quench the fire, and when it did not, the boys would thrust large masses of snow in between the sticks until the fire in the chimney and in the fire-place went out together, and the hearth was flooded with ashes and water. The water on the hearth was of no consequence, however, as it ran off immediately through the cracks of the floor. Sometimes, during this operation, we would see a woman watching our efforts from the door of a neighboring cabin, but this was all the excitement it ever caused in the district. When this task was over, we would close the door, rebuild the fire, and with heads and fingers well cooled from previous efforts, were quite ready to resume our mental labors.

Johnty, my escort in the horseback race, performed the task of building the fires, in consideration of having been exempted from one day's labor in the rearing of the school house. Johnty felt it his duty to do the best he could toward warming our airy apartment, and he would pile huge sticks of wood into the fire-place, until they almost reached the top of the mason work, securing them, as he thought, by the skillful use of short sticks below; so that when I reached school I was always greeted with a "roaring fire." Johnty, (an abbreviation of Jonathan not found in the spelling books, I believe,) — Johnty, I say, was not in the habit of using one back-log, but many; and after school had commenced, and things were going on swimmingly, it very often happened that the underpinning

of this well-built fire burned out, and the superincumbent logs feeling the loss of their prop, tilted downward, and ignoring the presence of the stone andirons, came rolling two or three in succession across the floor. Then what a scampering of little boys and girls there was, as they hustled upon the seats to get out of the way of the burning wood. A short, quick whistle notified us of Johny's appreciation of this kind of log rolling. But he soon got used to it, and with a philosophical way he had of suiting himself to circumstances, he went into the woods and procured two long, sharpened sticks or poles, which remained leaning beside the chimney for the rest of the winter, and of which he availed himself in our subsequent exhibitions of fireworks, as levers with which to roll the logs back into the fire-place.

It did not need many hours' experience in the midst of my pupils, to show me that a certain portion of them looked upon each and all of my proceedings with a kind of dogged enmity. I soon found that the names of this party were either Harty or Jenkins; but of the particular cause of their opposition, I was, as yet, ignorant. They were headed by a tall boy, a little older than Johny, and the only other large boy in the school. During the whole of the first morning, he sat, book in hand, regarding me with a stolid, insolent stare. Sometimes when I looked hard at him, his eye fell for a moment, but it was raised the next, and he passed with utter indifference the various admonitions I gave to my pupils in general to attend to their lessons.

In the afternoon he resumed his seat in the same way, holding his book upon his knee at arm's length, and watching me through every motion with the same saucy stare. I saw its effects upon the school from the first, and when I could bear it patiently no longer, I said to him rather sharply:

"Why do you not attend to the lesson I gave you?"

"Can't," said he, shortly.

"What is the reason you can't?" I asked.

"'Cause I want to see what that there serpent round the schoolma'am's neck is going to do."

I had kept a boa round my neck during the day as the most convenient protection I could find against the cold and dampness of the room; and at this smart sally of Linus Harty, a suppressed titter ran through the school.

"You can go home," said I, "and see that you do not set foot in the school-room again until you can learn to behave properly."

"School-room belongs to us," was the curt response.

"You are mistaken," said I. "I am mistress, and sole mistress, here during school hours." There was a choking in my throat which might have seemed to belie my words if he had but known it, but he probably did not. Still he did not stir or remove his eyes from my face. "You can go," I added, after a moment, but he remained. Then I walked to the door, opened it, and stood waiting for his departure.

"You can *shet* that door; I ain't going," said he coolly.

"You *are* going," I returned, with assumed calmness, and with my eye still fixed steadily upon his own.

After a few moments, the dull blue eye fell beneath my gaze, he arose from his seat, walked heavily across the room and out of doors. I drew a long breath when ~~he~~ was gone, for I had felt a serious doubt who would come off conqueror. The confusion and mischief which had been visible in the school all day, gave place at once to a deep hush, and a devout attention to books.

This boy was the eldest son of Squire Harty, the self authorized nabob of the district. It seemed that Squire Harty had been the prime mover in the division of the district which has been mentioned, and had intended to put his own daughter,

Mehitable, into the new school-room as teacher. In this, however, he was overruled by the majority, who looked upon him with that intensity of dislike which is usually felt for such people in the neighborhoods where they live. The majority were inclined to chuckle over their triumph, but it was well understood among them that whoever took the school, would have to oppose the whole combined forces of the Harty fraternity.

Now I did not plume myself with any particular honor for having displaced Miss Mehitable, or feel any great degree of self gratulation in the matter. In fact, all things considered, I would rather, as far as I was concerned, that she should have taught the school herself, if she wished. But I was there, and I felt pretty sure that I should not retreat until I knew that I could not go on.

A few evenings after my arrival in the place, I saw a tall, gaunt figure ride by my boarding-place on a white, raw-boned horse.

"That's Squire Harty," said Mr. Janes. "He rides that poor old skeleton everywhere he goes. They say he's got so lazy that he rides him up stairs to bed, and makes him stand there and watch him like Death's horse while he is snoring."

This struck me as a singular remark, both in tone and substance, for Mr. Janes to make, taciturn as I had usually found him, but I soon learned to understand his veins of humor. They were caused, alas, by the fumes of strong drink, and the reserve which he manifested at other times, was doubtless from a consciousness of his own degradation.

The manifest superiority of this family over those around them was explained in what I subsequently learned of their history. They were connected with some of our best New England families, and begun life in good circumstances, but had been driven from one place to another by his dissipated habits until they found

themselves in the log-cabin where I knew them. Most heroically did Mrs. Janes bear up under her trials. Not a murmur even escaped her, and every thing which ingenuity and affection could devise, was done to cover the frailty of her husband, and the father of her children. She was a noble woman.

Thinking it best to make some aggressive movement toward conciliating the enemy, I soon called at Mr. Harty's. My first reception as I entered the chip-yard—the only way across to the house—seemed ominous to my hopes of success; for I was set upon by a ferocious dog, who disputed with much determination my right of entrance; but I went in.

Squire Harty gave me a gruff salutation from his seat by the fire, and Miss Mehitable dropped me a sinister curtsy out of her brief linsey wolsey gown. Mr. Janes had said that the term Squire was one which Mr. Harty had assumed to himself, in honor of having once written a deed for a neighbor, and spoiled a mortgage; and all things considered, I was no more surprised than I could help at the unwarrantable state of confusion which existed in the house of this nabob of the clearing.

I received much information during this visit. Miss Mehitable informed me that she should have taken the school for that winter, only *par* was afraid she would take cold from teaching in the new school house before it got seasoned. This proof of paternal tenderness was very soothing to me, and likely to be fully appreciated, as I was then so hoarse from the cold I had taken in "the seasoning," that I could hardly speak above a whisper. Squire Harty sounded me to see if I had yet discovered what *geniuses* his grandchildren, the Jenkins family, were.

"They are *smart*," he said; "anybody that couldn't teach them fast, couldn't teach nothing." But he proceeded to inform me that he had

another son-in-law — John David Cross — who was “ahead of any thing.” He was teaching, himself, in the next town, for the winter. He knew all that was necessary to be known. “He could do every sum in Daboll’s Arithmetic but one, and that there could n’t anybody do.”

I had never seen Daboll’s Arithmetic before, but when I came to board with this family, I was sufficiently unsophisticated to inquire one evening for this sum that John David Cross could not do, and work it out for Squire Harty’s inspection. But he looked upon it with the utmost contempt. “It was very easy,” he said, “to put down the figures, but it was useless to tell him that any woman alive could do a sum that John David Cross could n’t do.”

Squire Harty exhorted me before I left, to make the children mind. “Thrash ’em, skin ’em,” he said, delicately, “but never send ’em out of school. Anybody that can’t make their scholars mind without sending ’em out of school, ain’t good for nothing.

I had occasion to test this recipe of his upon his own family before the winter was out. The youngest scion with which he furnished the school, was a vacant-looking, freckled-faced boy, named after one of the world’s magnates, but familiarly called “Clum” by his schoolmates. He was an adept in nothing but mischief, and various were the expedients to which I had to resort to keep him from his evil practices.

I have before mentioned the defective floor of the school-room. In calling out my classes, I always endeavored to avoid the treacherous boards as much as possible, but the room was small, and a dangerous proximity to them could rarely be avoided. “Clum” Harty was always at the foot of his class, and in a convenient position to *tip up* such of them as inadvertantly set foot upon the faulty boards. This I was sure he had frequently done, but always in such a way that I could not fix the mischief upon him.

One night, however, when they were much engaged about their lessons, and nearly half the class had set their feet upon the snare, he suddenly stepped upon his end of the board and sent them all sprawling about the floor. Good as he was at watching the school-ma’am, I caught him this time, and he was punished rather severely, for he declared that his father “had told him not to mind me, and he would n’t.” This gave dire umbrage to the Harty family, and the committee were called in to settle the difficulty. They decided in my favor, and I was left to finish my school in quiet.

I will not say that I was not visited with many heart-sinkings before the term closed. I doubt not that most young teachers are, in whatever sphere they may begin their labors. I endeavored to teach my pupils what I could during the winter, but I have always doubted whether I taught them more than *they taught me.*—
N. Y. Teacher.

ROSALIND AT THE WEST.

BY ANNIE DANFORTH.

I REMEMBER distinctly the pink, shambra dress, the red morocco shoes, and the coral necklace with the tiny golden clasp, which were at once my wonder, my admiration, and my envy.

Uncle William was a house carpenter, and worked hard day by day, while my father, though he was a mechanic, never seemed to have half so much to do. I remember how I used to wonder that my parents always seemed so happy and cheerful, while uncle William was always sighing and low-spirited, and aunt Ruth always so dissatisfied and complaining. I wondered at this the more, because my mother wore a plain, dark gingham dress to church in the summer, and black worsted in the winter, while aunt Ruth always wore the daintiest of muslins and

beautiful silks, and, moreover, I wore calico, while my cousin Rosalind was made happy (so I thought,) by the aforesaid pink shambra and red morocco.

"Oh, well, I don't seem to get along at all," said uncle William. "I shall never get any thing saved against a rainy day, as I see."

"We always seem to have had luck," said aunt Ruth to my mother. "Now William has just taken this job for two hundred dollars, and if he had waited two or three weeks, he might have got Judge Jones's barn to build, and he pays two hundred and twenty-five. William says there isn't fifteen dollars' worth more work." And aunt Ruth looked disconsolate.

"Well, but even then, probably, he could better afford to lose the ten dollars than the two weeks' work."

"Perhaps so, but in that two weeks he might have taken me out to Worcester to visit Enoch Nye. I've been wanting to go ever so long, only I am afraid that Enoch would take a notion to return the visit before we get blinds, and a new carpet for the parlor. Enoch lives in such good style."

"William," said my father, "I wouldn't buy that carriage of Rolf. It is dear, I'm sure, and the money would pay for eighty acres of land in Wisconsin. The fact is, I mean to go to Wisconsin this fall."

"Oh," said uncle William, as he sighed again, "Ruth wouldn't give up the carriage now, and she would never be contented on a farm up in Wisconsin."

"Well, live in a village or city then, but the land bought at government price would be worth having, I tell you. I shan't try farming; I don't know enough about it. Come, suppose we go together."

Uncle William sighed once more. We were children then, Rosalind and I, and many years have passed; I always think of uncle William when I hear a sigh, and of aunt Ruth when I

see a desponding, hopeless countenance. They are both dead now, and no doubt sleep well; but, as uncle William said, he never saved any thing for a rainy day, and Rosalind was homeless.

No sooner did the sad news reach us, then my father hastened to urge her to become a member of our family. She wrote a hasty letter of acceptance, and I was rejoiced at the prospect of seeing again my cousin, of whom I even yet thought as a little girl, wearing pink dresses and red shoes, never forgetting the coral necklace with golden clasp, for which I suspect I had never wholly forgiven her.

"It is real gold," said she one day, "and mother says she would n't have me wear glass beads tied with an old ribbon."

I thought with dismay of my strings of dainty blue glass beads tied with a nice white ribbon, which I had thought the "very beautifulest" the day before.

When I was a child, not yet six years old, my parents had left the home of their forefathers to make a new one for themselves in the far-off west, and I had grown up essentially western. I love the broad-spreading prairies of Wisconsin, the dashing streams, the clear, silvery inland lakes. I love the rich forests, and even the despised pine woods have some share of my affections. I had heard my mother speak with loving regret of the grand old mountains of New England, but my father called them piles of rocks, and it always seemed to me that even on the mountains I could not breathe so freely and gladly as upon the prairie where I was wont to roam. With all this, I cherished a kind of filial tenderness for the pleasant lake-shore town wherein stood my western home. True, in our haste to be rich and grand, we had christened ourselves a city somewhat before we were of age, but there could be no harm in such ambition, and the very waters of

sublime old Michigan which washed the eastern borders of our city were dear to my heart.

But the day came which was to witness the arrival; and the ever-ready services of cousin Will were called into requisition to convey me to the depot of the Lake Shore Road to escort thence Miss Rosalind Dickson. I looked anxiously over the faces of all new comers, and soon recognized the young lady for whom I was searching, by hearing her inquire of some one in attendance if Mr. Danforth's carriage were waiting there. She was an interesting-looking young woman, and I really thought her handsome. The deep black of her entire wardrobe set off finely her pale features and tall and really graceful form. I saw that Will was pleased, and the extremely polite bow and easy grace with which he approached her, contrasted somewhat with the off-hand careless civilities he was accustomed to offer to myself. Perhaps I might as well say here that cousin Will was not *cousin* Will at all to me, or to Rosalind, who, by the way, immediately adopted my mode of address, but simply cousin to father's brother's wife. He had lately become a partner of my father, and I thought him decidedly the best fellow in the world, and, to confess the truth, dreamed dreams of the future day when I was to figure largely as Mrs. William . . . , though I can't help thinking now, that could the gentleman himself have been cognizant of these cogitations, he would have been not a little surprised. Whatever were his plans for the future, there is no use of denying that I had "set my cap at him." But to return to Rosalind.

"Really, Annie," she exclaimed — the first words she uttered after greeting, "this is a western depot, I suppose. Why, east we have these rooms nicely carpeted and furnished with stuffed chairs and sofas, so that one might rest decently. I supposed the people here were civilized."

I was greatly put to shame, but I ventured the explanation that this was a new road, and that no doubt things would improve in time.

She turned up her nose in disgust, and thought the proprietors might at least be human. Will came in to say that the carriage was in readiness, and I noticed that he took pains to drive through some of the pleasantest streets.

"How do you like the looks of our city?" I asked, trying to make myself agreeable.

"City! do you call this a city? Why, east we should hardly call it a village. Oh! I am sure I can never live at the west."

The next morning was clear, fresh, and brilliant, and I was sure that a walk to the lake-shore would delight my cousin as well as myself. We stood where the crystal waves washed our feet, and where the eye looked over the shining waters till they touched the serene blue of the distant horizon.

"Oh, it is a grand old water monarch, cousin Rosalind."

"Yes, it looks well, but I wish you could see the ocean. This is nothing to that. Oh, you ought to go east, cousin Annie. I am sure you would die living west, if you were to go there once."

"I do n't believe I should *die* living anywhere; but you will soon learn to love western life, I hope."

Rosalind sighed hopelessly to herself. It was the same thing through the whole of our walk. If I pointed with pride at the school-houses, and we were all proud of our "people's colleges," she compared them with far more perfect structures of the kind with which her eyes were familiar east. If I counted with rapture the churches, and praised the eloquence of our divines, she longed to listen once more to Henry Ward Beecher, and to see once more a really elegant church edifice. It was all well enough at the west, no doubt, but at the east they would never be able to

survive such inconveniences. We called at a dry goods store to make a few necessary purchases. Here she was likely to be driven to distraction by what she saw and heard. She was amazed at the price of every thing, and shocked at its worthless quality. "At home" things were so different. Nothing here was what it should be; muslins were so dear; prints not fit to be seen. If she should remain here, she should send "home" for material for future dresses.

"Where were you from, Miss?" said the half-vexed merchant.

"I am recently from the east, sir."

"We buy our goods east," he answered, with a provoked and provoking sneer; and Rosalind, indignant, strode from the store.

I stopped a moment to apologize, and then hastened after her. She stood waiting for me a few steps from the door.

"Good heavens, Annie!" she exclaimed, and I was filled with pity at her look of dread and horror. "Good heavens! why don't you have pavements here. It is killing me to walk. You call this little slab hamlet a city. City indeed! I don't believe you know a city from a cedar swamp!"

My anger towered far above my good sense. To be sure, the sidewalks were not just what they might have been, and no doubt improvements might be made upon what they now are. At that time they were cunningly made up first of stone, then of bricks, then of boards, and ever and anon were intervals where the natural soil, guiltless of grass or other cover, tempts not the dainty gaiter of the eastern lady visitor. But I remembered the time, and not long since, when the first foot of pavement was laid, and felt no patience for the affected delicacy of my would-be-lady cousin.

"I am not one of the city fathers, Miss Dickson, and have nothing to do with building sidewalks; but when such a lady sees fit to grace our

streets with her presence, she might better wear the thick shoes to which she is accustomed."

With insulted dignity Rosalind sailed far ahead of me, and nursing my wrath to keep it warm, I made two or three calls, and followed her homeward.

She was sitting leisurely in the parlor, recounting to cousin Will her grievances, and bemoaning the comforts and pleasures of her eastern home. I, with bad grace, threw aside my bonnet, and proceeded to the kitchen to oversee the preparations for tea. I heard Will laugh aloud as she spoke with ridicule of my green western notions. It was plain I was losing Will, and I said to myself heroically, "This, then, is man's truth and constancy. Ah, well! I shall never love again," and I stepped to the mirror to see if my face were not already growing pale, and my eyes dim with sorrow. To my surprise, my cheeks were full and flushed, and I could see no change in the natural expression of my eye.

After tea my misery was greatly enhanced by hearing Mr. William Bennet, as I determined henceforward to address him, propose to my cousin a ride upon the prairie. Martyr-like I determined to bear the fate I saw I could not avert, but my intentions were somewhat interfered with by the gentleman in question, when, with his old good-natured laugh, he came bounding into the kitchen half an hour later with my bonnet in his hand, which he proceeded to tie "under my chin."

"What ails you, cousin Annie? Tears, I declare!" and he wiped them away. "I shouldn't wonder now if Bridget had burned the bread, or the cat upset the clothes-horse," and without more ado than was necessary, he lifted me from my chair, and drew me to the buggy where Rosalind was waiting our arrival, and springing in himself, drove rapidly off toward the "wide-spreading prairie."

Will and I had been often there,

but we could yet admire the rich and varied blossoms of this great flower garden of nature. Nothing could sooner put me in good nature, and I felt forgiving toward Rosalind, though Will *had* talked to her all the way out, to my neglect and grief.

"Isn't it beautiful?" said I, holding up for her admiration a favorite flower.

"Why, yes, it is rather beautiful; but I had heard so much about the prairie flowers, that I expected to see something wonderful. Oh, we are having beautiful flower gardens east now."

We brought specimen after specimen for her approval. Blossoms purple, blue, pink, and golden, smiled serenely in every direction, and mingled with the waves of emerald grass; but she had seen something east to vie with, or overshadow them all.

"What a Paradise that *east* must be. I wonder you ever left it. Come, Annie, let's go home," said Will, jumping up, and tossing the boquet he had gathered for Rosalind far out into the grass, as she compared a sprig of tiny blue flowerets, with shining golden petals, with some unheard-of eastern beauty.

"I should never have come west if my parents had lived," she answered, beginning to weep; and Will repenting, by gentle politeness tried to make her forget his sudden resentment.

That night I went to bed with what I suppose must have been a broken heart, for Will was singing sweet love songs, while she played touching accompaniments upon the piano.

The next morning I found upon the door-step a circular announcing a lecture for that evening by Horace Greeley. I put it in my pocket, and laid a plan for revenge. I would teach her a lesson, and open Mr. Bennet's eyes, but he need never think I would trust him again.

"There is to be a lecture in town this evening," said I, as I handed Rosalind her third cup of coffee. "It will be a rare treat, no doubt."

"It is to be by an eastern man, I presume," said Rosalind.

"Professor Hoyt is announced," said I, evasively, for though I could not speak the words of a direct falsehood, I was determined to mislead her, the exact truth being that the Professor was to lecture the evening succeeding.

Rosalind looked her disappointment and regret. "It will no doubt be a pleasure to you, but I have been so accustomed to hearing the best speakers. Such men as Greeley, Theodore Parker, and Bayard Taylor lecture for us east. You have heard of them, have n't you?"

"Well, yes, I think I have heard something about Greeley. He is a minister, isn't he?"

"Why, really—I think—I have forgotten; I believe, however, he does preach sometimes."

My mother, who was in my secret, leaned over her plate and smiled, but father and Will both opened their eyes wide with surprise. I shook my head warningly, and both understood the signal, and when I slyly showed the circular to Will, he volunteered his services to help on the joke. I was a little astonished that he should undertake to make revelations to himself, and began to mistrust that I had not given him credit for as much insight into character as he deserved.

During the day, he took occasion to talk loudly of the qualifications of our Professor, but Rosalind only gave cautious utterance to her doubts.

The next morning Will and myself exhausted our eloquence in praises, but Rosalind pitied our benighted condition. She thought it a very weak affair.

"You ought to hear Greeley once," said she. "He is a beautiful speaker. This Professor of yours must have been born in the backwoods. How slouching he looked, and his cravat was tied quite to one side."

"Oh, well, we can't expect Greeleys every night, cousin Rosalind. That

pleasure is reserved for this evening, for, to tell the truth, that paragon of yours has actually found his way to this 'slab hamlet.' "

"Indeed, how delighted I am! Now we shall hear something like —"

"Wonder if he won't preach next Sunday," spoke my father, dryly.

"No doubt he will, if a house large enough can be found."

"He is very particular about his personal appearance, I suppose," and Will gave an extra pull to his own shirt collar.

That day Rosalind was apparently in raptures over the coming feast, as she termed it, and came home lost in admiration after the lecture. Will professed himself at a loss to express his feelings, and I dared not trust myself to speak.

At breakfast, the next morning, the subject was resumed.

"It seemed so like old times. It was worth while to hear such a lecture." She wondered if that Professor of ours was there; she hoped he was, he probably learned something if he were.

"By the way, Rosalind, I never knew before that Greeley was the editor of an agricultural journal in this State, as the lecturer said last night he was."

I caught sight of the grizzled smile on my father's face, and it destroyed my already disturbed gravity, and I screamed with laughter, while Will joined most heartily in the chorus. My father motioned me from the room, but I was determined to see the finis. My mother quietly explained, and Rosalind first scolded, and then cried, but we all felt that she was rightly punished for her affected wisdom and aristocratic notions.

Rosalind still *visits* at my father's. Nothing pleases or satisfies her, but she is careful that neither Will nor I shall hear her speak of Horace Greeley, Professor Hoyt, or the east. Will is married, but not to me, nor yet to Rosalind. We are both single yet, but I am disappointed in this; I am

not miserable as I fully supposed once that under present circumstances I ought to be.

VOICES.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

THERE are voices in the stillness —
Voices in the night-time,
Pealing out their anthems,
While our hearts keep time.

O'er the sun-flecked meadow,
On the rippling river,
In the thorny forest
Ring they out forever.

Sadly 'neath the shadow
Of the tasseled willow,
Rise and fall their cadence
With each leafy billow.

Mossy mounds grow upward
With the flitting years,
To mock us with their beauty
'Mid our bitter tears.

Voices of our loved ones —
Voices sweet and low,
Come from out the silence
Of the long ago.

Whispers, loving whispers,
No other ear may list,
From remembered dimples
No other lips have kissed.

Voices of our childhood,
And innocence gone by,
Hush our restless spirits
With their sweet lullaby.

THE BIRD OF HOME.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I LIKE to see a ball-room belle
Flash through the graceful dance,
To feel her hand upon my arm,
And meet her haughty glance;
There's fascination in her smile,
And music on her tongue;
A roving bee I'd like to be,
Fair Fashion's flowers among.

And then the fair *equestrienne*
Upon her fiery steed,
Dashing amid the huntsmen brave
To take the sportive lead;
The gallant sight rouses my blood,
My pulses passion stirs,
My admiration strong and deep,
The lady claims as hers.

The cantatrice of noisy fame,
 Chanting her thrilling song —
 I go to worship at her shrine
 With the great gaping throng;
 Her rich tones move my inner soul,
 I own her genius great,
 And pray for life to give her back
 The stolen wealth of Fate!

But from my heart no gushing stream
 Of love flows forth for these;
 The charms of such as shine for all
 Will fail my life to please.
 The ball-room does for mighty folks,
 The hunt for sportive souls,
 The opera may charm the gay
 With its fine music trolls.

I love the gentle little girl
 Who shines, a household light,
 Making the slippers soft and warm,
 The parlor hearth-stone bright;
 Cheering the heart, kissing the brow
 When weary visions come;
 More than the birds of all the world,
 I love the bird of HOME.

ANNIVERSARY TRIBUTE.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

FIVE years have flown, love,
 Fawn-footed years,
 Since like a vesper
 Came to my ears —
 Came at the Sabbath's calm even-tide hour,
 Came with its magic and musical power,
 Came as a love-link to bind me to life,
 Thy sweet voice, husband, first calling me
 "wife."

Five years have flown, love,
 Fawn-footed years,
 Flown with their gladness,
 Flown with their tears;
 She whom, that evening, God gave thee, a
 bride,
 Walketh yet trustingly close at thy side,
 Thanking kind Heaven for that hour of her
 life,
 Angel-blessed hour that made her thy wife.

Three years have flown, love,
 Since to the grave
 We our first baby
 Mournfully gave;
 We had known sorrow in days that had fled,
 Oft for some lost one our bosoms had bled;
 But oh! no sorrow had met us like this,
 Yielding our sweet boy to Death's cold em-
 brace.

Nearly two years, love,
 Now have gone by,
 Since in our cottage
 Woke a new joy;

And the dear baby that sits on my knee,
 Happy as ever a baby can be,
 Joyfully, laughingly, calls thee papa,
 Trustingly, lovingly, calls me mamma.

Five years have flown, love,
 Conjugal years;
 More has the gladness
 Been than the tears;
 Say, hath the future yet waiting for me,
 Five years of happiness yet, love, with thee?
 God grant that long may be lengthened each
 life,
 Thankful each heart, we are husband and
 wife!

GRANDVILLE, MICH., 1858.

JENNY'S FAREWELL.

MAMMA, how lonely you will be
 When I am gone away,
 How vainly you will look for me
 Among the groups at play;
 And when bright forms are flitting by,
 Methinks a tear will dim your eye.

You'll miss me very much, I know,
 But God, my Father, calls,
 And while to Him with joy I go,
 Deep gloom your spirit palls;
 Grieve not, mamma, for God is wise,
 In love He severs earthly ties.

Could you restrain Death's mighty power,
 And turn aside his dart,
 And clasp again your fading flower
 To that o'erflowing heart,
 And feel that life on earth was given
 Instead of bliss begun in heav'n?

E'en you, mamma, would not retain
 Your darling child below,
 Where sorrows deep, and care, and pain
 Each human heart must know;
 Your love would surely yield me up,
 Nor bid me drink life's bitter cup.

I love my childhood's friends and home,
 And earth is very bright;
 I love o'er flowery meads to roam
 Untouched by sorrow's blight;
 But fairer is the heavenly land,
 And happy are the angel band.

Oh! then, mamma, weep not for me,
 I can not weep or sigh;
 My spirit longs to be set free,
 That it can homeward fly;
 My Saviour bids me haste away,
 Farewell, mamma, I can not stay.

Thus darling Jenny's life is past,
 A fair and fragile flower;
 She bloomed unharmed by winter's blast,
 Nor felt its chilling pow'r,

Then gently drooped, and calmly died,
Nor feared to stem death's raging tide.

The Heavenly Shepherd gently bore
The lamb he loved so well,
And placed her on the blissful shore,
With Him in peace to dwell;
There, weeping mother, thou wilt find
The treasure thou hast just resigned.
EMMA.

LINES TO A WIDOW ON THE DEATH OF HER LITTLE DAUGHTER.

BY WASHINGTON BALLOU.

THE ties which bind your soul to earth
Are severed one by one;
First he who won you by his worth
Exclaimed, "My task is done!"
You laid him in yon silent grave,
Away from pain and care,
Where fragrant flowers gently wave
So sweet, so fresh, and fair.

And then the infant of your love
Was quickly called away,
To join her father's home above,
And sing a sweeter lay;
To mingle with an angel band,
With those who know no wrong,
To call you to the promised land
With sweetest harp and song.

They both are gone, yet weep no more,
But let your heart rejoice,
To know they've reached that happy shore,
The land of early choice,—
The land where milk and honey flow,
Where friends will never part,
Where love that earth can never know
Binds kindred heart to heart.

The badge of mourning lay aside,
And take the olive leaf,
And for the lowly Crucified
Go glean a precious sheaf;
And when your harvest work is o'er,
With those forever blessed,
With those you loved on earth before,
Sit down and sweetly rest.

JEFFERSON, OHIO, 1858.

LINES.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO SISTER NELLIE.

NELLIE, love, what art thou doing?
Hither come and sit with me;
I have opened wide the casement,
Looped the rose-vine floating free.

Bring your little crimson cushion,
Place it, darling, at my feet;

Lean your sunny head against me,
So your eyes with mine may meet.

Dost thou feel the cool breeze playing
O'er thy brow and 'mid thy hair?
Dost thou hear the sylvan vespers
Floating from yon forest fair?

Dost thou see yon glorious sunset
Bathing earth in crimson light,
Marking with such royal grandeur
Each day's swiftly-hastened flight?

Hast thou ever fancied, sister,
Gazing on a scene like this,
That within those golden curtains,
Is the gates to worlds of bliss?

That sometimes the holy angels,
In a shining, radiant band,
Float amid the changeless glories
Of the far-off sunset land?

But the night with sable pinions
Slowly veils the wond'rous sight,
And while yet the bright rays linger,
Crowning us with golden light—

Let us kneel, our hearts uplifting
To our Father's throne on high,
Who, in tender love and mercy,
Rules this beauteous earth and sky.

CHARLOTTE ECOR.

BUFFALO, SEPT., 1858.

THE CALM AT SEA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY MISS M. C. W.

MOST of our young readers have heard of a storm at sea, and the terror with which it inspires those who are so unfortunate as to be exposed to it; but, perhaps, they do not so well know that the dreadful sufferings and fatal consequences of a calm are equally appalling; particularly is this often the case with regard to vessels sailing under the burning heat of the tropics.

From the sad accounts of shipwrecks which we constantly read, we are disposed to pray with deep fervor for "those who," as the Psalmist says, "go down to the sea in ships, that do business on the great waters." And so it is our duty to do, but we must not suppose that they alone need our prayers who *appear* to be in the greatest peril. In the voyage of life, dangers may overtake us as well in the bosom of a deceitful prosperity,

as in the midst of adversity ; hence, we must learn to watch unceasingly over the interests of our souls, even though we sail under a cloudless sky, and a calm, unruffled sea. And our watch will not be long, for the Bible says of life, "it is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."

It was the evening of an oppressively warm day, that the brig *Henrietta* departed from the island of Antigua under favor of a fair wind, and amidst the joyous cries of the sailors, who, in that language so peculiarly their own, announced to each other the desired change of wind.

Among the passengers were two gentlemen and their wives. One of the ladies was accompanied by her younger sister, and the other brought with her her two children. There were also on board three Scotchmen, four servants, the captain, and crew, making in all twenty-one persons, with provisions for fifty-five days.

The vessel made very little headway during the first four weeks, and, even at the end of thirty-five days' sailing, found herself only half way across the Atlantic.

The captain was obliged to reduce the rations of the passengers and crew. This led to an examination of the provisions, but what was their general consternation on finding that the sea water had destroyed a barrel of biscuits, and that all they had on board was a quantity of inferior meat, which would, by no means, hold out during a long voyage. Now, of course, a new reduction was to be made on the part of each, but the captain sought to soothe the fears which constantly arose, by flattering himself into the belief that some ship would come to their succor before their little stores were quite exhausted.

Three days after this, the slight breeze, which had thus far borne them on, entirely subsided, and they slowly yielded to the melancholy conviction that their ship was becalmed. Not the most minute agita-

tion ruffled the surface of the ocean, not the smallest cloud concealed from sight the azure sky. The vessel was immovable, and the heat so excessive that everybody was obliged to remain in the cabins ; the rosin between the planks was in a boiling state, and the nails were as hot as if they had just come out of a forge.

The hours of the day seemed interminably long amidst these tortures, and the repose of the night was interrupted by the dreadful thought that the next day would be like the last. In addition to all this, the water began to fail, so that, if the wind did not begin to blow, and that immediately, there was nothing left for the passengers and crew but a frightful death.

In the evening, by the light of the sparkling stars, some of the passengers went to walk on deck. One of the ladies led by the hand her eldest son, a little boy of four years old, who had been very much petted by the sailors, on account of his extreme vivacity and gentleness. But from the time it became necessary to deprive the child of a portion of its food, he began to wither away, and what is more singular, to become very much afraid of its parents. He was seized with a burning fever, and the servant who had the care of him, and who constantly watched him, drank the water herself which was intended to moisten and refresh the lips of the poor little invalid.

Nevertheless, all hope was not lost, and this evening his mother flattered herself that a change from the stifling atmosphere of the cabin, to the open deck, might be of service to him ; it did appear to tranquilize him, and to render his breathing more easy. His parents, did not stop at second causes, that is, were not satisfied to give credit merely to the change of air, (as many are apt to do,) but lifted up their hearts to God, who is the author of all good, and the source of every merciful dispensation. They went down into the cabin, and there,

prostrating themselves before their Heavenly Father, thanked Him earnestly and devoutly. Together they said, "Lord we bless Thee for this beginning of deliverance; make it complete, both for our child and for ourselves; give us always submissive hearts—hearts that abide by Thy holy will, whatever it may be, because we believe it to be best. Teach us to say in all sincerity: not our will, but Thine be done."

This was an excellent prayer. Many of our readers may repeat it with truth, and all must agree with it, for this mother and father were indeed in a most distressing position; notwithstanding which, not a murmur escaped their lips. They humbly bowed their heads and hearts before this mysterious dispensation of God, and, like Job, when he learned the death of his seven sons, and that his three daughters were also crushed beneath the ruins of a house in which they were all found reunited, he was disposed to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

And so it would have been with these parents had they lost both their children; and they could explain why this was, because they knew that "all things work together for good to those who love God." They were not far from the sentiments of the holy man whom we have just cited: like Job, may they always feel they can say of every affliction, (and certainly those of this patient man were in no ordinary degree severe,) "Though he slay me, yet will I trust Him." Oh! how unhappy must they be, who, when adversity overtakes them, can not say with king David: "I am poor and needy; make haste unto me, oh God! Thou art my help and my deliverer; oh, Lord, make no tarrying."

The night passed away, and the sun arose the next morning like a giant who awakes with renewed strength. Under other circumstances, every one would have admired with

enthusiasm such a glorious spectacle. Unfortunately, however, this beautiful picture unfolded itself when the eyes of all were heavy and sad with fear. The return of the morning did not bring back the breeze; the sails were spread in vain; they seemed to tremble at the prospect of the destiny which awaited them.

This day passed like the preceding; the motionless vessel was the same and the heat not less suffocating. The sick child having grown worse, his mother redoubled her care, and seemed to forget her own weakness. She loved it as a mother can only love her first-born; and when, too weak to be able to speak, he asked with his dying eyes for water, it was she who moistened his parched lips.

Toward evening the youngest of the two children was also taken sick. The little boys' father did all that he could to aid and comfort his suffering family, for his poor wife had likewise begun to decline for the want of rest and nourishment. They spent the night in weeping and praying together, and the next day found them upon their childrens' pillow, pale and exhausted with fatigue. The eldest was worse than he was during the night; they commenced to despair. The third day there was the same motionless air, the same discouragement on board. Two other persons fell sick; the first was the sister of one of the ladies of whom we have spoken, the second a Scotchman. The want of water and nourishment had dreadfully exhausted them, and there were none, perhaps, who could much longer survive under a continuation of these privations. There was hardly water enough for two days, even if it was dealt out in the very smallest possible allowance, and they had already shared their last biscuit. Some expressed their sufferings by loud lamentations, while others folded their hands and wept in an attitude of despair. The storm and the hurricane seemed preferable to them in comparison to this discouraging calm, and

they hailed the tempest as a signal of deliverance.

The young lady who was so overcome by the fatigues of the voyage, had previously met with many domestic troubles, and so was illy prepared for her present trials. Although so young, she had been engaged to an European who lived at Antigua. This gentleman, obliged to return to his own country to get possession of some property that had come to him by law, unfortunately perished with the vessel that was bearing him back to Antigua. The young lady, accompanied by her sister, was now returning to the land of her ancestors and to the relatives of the gentleman to whom she was to have been married. She had never seen this land, but had heard much of it from her lover. At times, it was a melancholy pleasure for her to think of the property which they would have enjoyed together, and the hope of remaining at his home, although he would not be there, now and then seemed to inspire her with courage when almost overwhelmed with anxiety and distress. Alas! this hope was never to be realized. The one whose love she mourned had perished a victim to the storm; she must die in the midst of a calm.

Exhausted by all she had endured, she lay extended on the couch in the cabin, watched and tended by a sister who felt for her all the solicitude and affection of a mother. Sometimes she would say, "I have but a little while to wait, Mary, and my last resting-place will also be at the bottom of the ocean."

"No, that will not be," replied her sister; "for we shall soon meet some friendly vessel, unless the wind should arise, and then we should all at once be restored to health and strength."

"But then, even should it be thus, for me it will be too late. Neither air nor nourishment can do any thing for me, and approaching death has no power to alarm me. 'I know whom

I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day.' Yes, I know that my Saviour will be with me to the end; that I shall be with Him in heaven, and this is why I can say, 'Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory?' * * * Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' This is a deceitful world, but in the bosom of our Heavenly Father all is truth, peace, and quietude. It is true, that I have looked forward to a diminution of my griefs in the country where we were to have arrived. I willingly left my own country to seek in the land of his nativity the only earthly happiness that seemed to be left me. Alas! in heaven, at least, there will be no more grief, no more separations."

Her sister replied to these disconsolate expressions in tones of soothing compassion and sympathy, although she, herself, was haunted by fear of long agony that was in reserve for her—the sufferings that must soon come upon all her companions. She had divided her own ration with her sister, and kept her in ignorance of the fact that it was their last morsel. The water had all given out.

At the end of the third day, the eldest of the two children died. This was a dreadful night. There remained not an ounce of nourishment, not a single drop of water, and if there was not some miraculous change, a horrible end awaited the crew.

In the morning, all those who were strong enough to go up on deck, did so, but, instead of gazing, as they had been wont, at the great extent of water which surrounded them, they looked at each other, and in every face was depicted the utmost consternation. What would become of them? Alone, thousands of miles from any land, the brig, in the midst of the most beautiful sunshine, lay motionless on

the sparkling waters. Some of the passengers, in their despair, threw themselves upon the floor, and awaited the stroke of death; others never ceased to turn their eyes on all sides to catch, if possible, the first indication of wind, as soon as it should manifest itself; but for the rest, the most mournful silence reigned on board the *Henrietta*.

The captain was one of the first to abandon himself to despair. "I felt," said he, in relating these details to the author of this little history, "that resistance was in vain. There was nothing to be done; in a tempest or a storm there was action — one could have recourse to expedients; but in the circumstances in which we found ourselves, we were reduced to the most complete inaction, plunged into the most awful uncertainty. I retired within my cabin, and committed my soul to God, persuaded that for it there was salvation, even if my body must perish. I called death to witness my prayers."

On the fifth day a light breeze floated the long streamer from the main-mast. Inspired by hope, several poor sailors arose, and tried to set the sails to the wind, but they had not the strength, they were exhausted. Notwithstanding, the brig slowly advanced, and the expectation of meeting another vessel reanimated the crew. There seemed no hope that this fond dream would be realized at nightfall, and every one prepared to die, for they thought it impossible that they could pass another day of suffering and privation like those which had preceded.

Three sailors were prostrated near the helm; one of them whispered some words in the ear of his comrade, and whilst he was speaking, his face appeared to brighten as if with a sudden thought.

"It will be necessary to do it, James, or die."

James shuddered with horror at the proposition of his comrade. "Eh! very well, I will die. What, would

you eat the child? Horrible! horrible!"

"Others have done the same before; what has one not a right to do to save himself? On our lives depend the existence of our wives and children."

At these words he arose, and went down into the cabin; he knocked, a feeble voice replied, "Come in." He found there the lady, her husband, and two children, one of whom was dead.

"Madam," said the sailor, "would it not be better to bury the corpse? I will take upon myself the sad duty of committing the body to the waves."

The father looked at his wife, while her eyes were fixed upon the sailor.

"Not this evening," she said, "it will be soon enough to-morrow." She then hid her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

The sailor went up on deck, murmuring something between his teeth; he then went to seek his comrade, whose quick respiration seemed to indicate that his would be the next death.

The day following was the sixth day of the calm. James, who had revived a little, being up, thought he espied a sail. He called his companions; a cry of joy was heard throughout the brig. It was a large vessel advancing with all sails spread. The crew, though almost dead, had strength enough left to make the signal of distress, and the vessel approached the *Henrietta*. It was the *Alert*, with a cargo for Jamaica. The captain came himself on board, and brought with him all that he thought was necessary. The young widow was the first upon whom he bestowed his care; for he was much interested in her personal appearance.

The other lady was seated with her husband near her two children. The captain immediately asked her permission to bury the dead, and at noon she was led upon deck by her beloved husband to see the ocean entomb her little son. The solemn

ceremony was scarcely concluded ere she fell on deck and fainted. Her youngest child died the same day, and the poor mother only lived to the end of the voyage. The husband was now bereft of both wife and children.

With great care and attention they were enabled, by God's assistance, to prolong for several days the existence of the young widow, but alas! it was only the last spark of life that now remained to be extinguished. The *Alert* accompanied the *Henrietta* as far as she could, then gave her provisions for eight days, and then separated.

A few days after, during a beautiful and quiet evening, the cries of the sailors all at once announced that they were in sight of land. Emily asked to be taken up on deck. "Show me the land," said she, "that I have so long seen from afar."

She sat down; the breeze seemed to revive her a little, and her eyes followed rapidly all the sinuosities of the coast. The brig advanced rapidly, the sailors hoisted up the yards so as to see more distinctly, and their boisterous joy contrasted singularly with the solemn silence of the little group who watched round the pallets of the sick.

"After so miraculous a deliverance," said Emily, faintly, to some one near her, "it is very sweet to see the land where I have so long hoped to live, and here to weep the tears of my mourning; but all is for the best; his love is unchanged in that better world whither he has gone. Why, then, should I regret to die, since our mutual happiness in the presence of our God and His angels will be far greater than it ever could have been here below?"

On saying these words, she bent her head on her sister's bosom. This fond sister parted the rich clustering ringlets which covered her face, and kissed her pale lips; the kiss was not returned, and she soon perceived that the placid spirit of Emily had fled to

another and a better world. Her soul had long felt the blessed assurance of faith, and, consequently happiness in heaven, and she was now gone to enjoy it.

Her mortal part now reposes in a cemetery near the coast, and on her tomb are these words: "Emily D. . . ., aged twenty-four years; 'a stranger in a strange land.'"

The *Henrietta* still sails upon the seas as she did at the time to which this little history attaches itself.

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE.

THE following article, from the always instructive and agreeable correspondent of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, "J. W. B.," of Still River, Mass., contains some admirable advice for those who have not yet entered into matrimonial bonds:

One of the greatest questions that is at present forcing itself upon the consideration of the age is the great one of whom shall we marry? and as supplementary to that, what shall work the dissolution of the marriage bond? These great questions have, for years, with the subtle analysis that marks our times, received profound attention from the physiologist on the one hand, and the psychologist on the other. I wish in this article to give a review of the opinions of each of them.

The prevalent psychological belief on those matters has found its expression in the pages of novelists. It is that marriage should be the result of an overmastering and unusually blind sentiment, technically known as romantic love. That such a sentiment as this does exist in the range of human feelings, in other words, is a splendid reality, no man conversant with the history of his kind can deny.

This sentiment is, before marriage, much more general among women than among men. Among maidens, it is the rule; among unmarried men

whom I have known and who have made high minded and satisfactory husbands, it would be an extravagant estimate to say that twenty per cent. of them have felt the passion of love anterior to marriage as maidens feel it, or as novels teach it. And I know that, if most men were to delay marriage till they realized the feelings of a Romeo or an Eldon, they would never attain "that only bliss that has survived the fall." Here, then, is a large class of men eminently fitted to be the heads of happy homes, who, if they would fulfil the relations for which nature has designed them, must be led into marriage by another guide than love, as it is usually understood. That guide is easily designated as preference guided by judgment.

In the matter of romantic love we are liable to many mistakes. I have known a strong natured man to love a timid, shrinking girl, as a father would love a child. He married for love, and married honestly. But when the hour came that he needed in his wife a companion, a consolation, he found that, as a guide to marriage, his passion had proved a mistaken one. On the other hand, a man may love a woman from gratitude, almost as he would love a guardian — marry from love in honesty, and waken to a bitter regret. And it is a fact too well established to be denied, that many a marriage, beginning in a love as deep and as full as ever was depicted by a Scott or a Goethe, has resulted in wretchedness. I have seen such. For reasons like these, I should say that the only safe rule for marriage, in any case, is preference guided by judgment, even if the sacrifice of "love's young dream" be the "cutting off of the right hand," or the "plucking out of the right eye."

In the Sermon on the Mount, I find a rule with regard to marriage. I take a human being's love, his life, his magnificent domestic possibilities, to be his pearls, if any thing can be thus designated. We are told not to cast these pearls before swine. If I,

therefore, an earnest man in politics, religion, or social regeneration, bestow a soul, thus devoted, upon a woman whose beauty or accomplishments have fascinated me, but who is thoroughly indifferent to my relations to duty, I have a substantial guarantee of a wretched life. Do not misunderstand me. A man does not want a wife who can grasp and execute like himself. But he does want one who can appreciate and sympathize. A Whitefield does not want a wife who can rouse to ecstasy Spitalfield weavers and Cornish miners. But he does want a wife who loves Methodism, rather than Presbyterianism or Unitarianism, or who is interested in souls, rather than in literature or fashion. In minor matters, like habits, tastes, and manners, of course judgment must be used; but I have sufficiently designated its form of action. I must here, however, put in a caveat against refining too far, in this action of the judgment. Perfect unison can be looked for nowhere.

If what I have already said be true, it is evident that marriage should never take place till the parties have learned what life really is, and their views of duty have become well defined. The man or the woman who marries another who is not yet in earnest about any thing, runs a great risk. In the years to come, there may be an eternal divergence. Another inevitable corollary is that marriage should never follow a short or superficial acquaintance. "Marry in haste to repent in leisure," be it the wit of what one it will, is undoubtedly the dearly-bought wisdom of many.

COFFEE.

UNTIL chemistry has a better claim than it has now, to be called one of the exact sciences, we had better give its *dicta* a wide berth as to their practical application in reference to food and drink.

When a concentrated miasm is mingled with the air a man breathes, he will in a few hours sicken and die; but miasm is of such an intangible, aerial nature, that chemistry has no test sufficiently delicate to detect its presence. And if, because chemistry can find no poison there, a man persists in breathing it, he will most certainly suffer the gravest consequences.

The solidified oil of roses, with the delightful fragrance of which we are so familiar as it comes in its natural state from the opening of the bud, contains precisely the same elements, and in the same proportions, as the gas which lights our streets, and churches, and houses of abode; that is to say, chemistry detects nothing else; and yet we know, from the diversity of odor, there must be something in coal-gas or crystalized rose-oil for which the chemist, as yet, has no test.

Several chemists who have had a reputation, and have one still, have certified that they have found no material difference between the milk of farm-house cows and those fed mainly on distillery swill, and confined to filthy apartments. It is true, they do not tell us by what process they arrived at these conclusions; but the bare fact of their finding no deleterious substances in the milk of cabined, confined, swill-fed milch-cows, does not prove that no bad quality existed, but simply that they were not able to detect it; while we all know, that just as certainly will infants sicken and die who are fed on swill-milk, as men will sicken and die who breathe a miasmatic atmosphere. So that, in practical cases like these, the masses must be guided in their habits by their observation and their common-sense, and let the vagaries of science and scientific men go out to browse and mature, or, in common phrase, "go to grass."

Some say that coffee is poisonous, because it has strychnine in it. Suppose it is granted that there is strychnine in coffee, and that a single grain

of strychnine is so poisonous as to destroy life in a few moments, that does not prove that strychnine in coffee is poisonous; because there may be an element in the coffee which would not only nullify the poisonous quality, but render it absolutely safe, healthful, and nutritious.

All the *elements* of strychnine are found in coffee, but that strychnine, as such, should exist in coffee, is an absurdity; if it did, without a counteracting constituent, we should soon die from its daily use; when, in fact, we do not die, as a nation, but absolutely, as a nation, grow longer-lived, either on coffee, or in spite of it — and if the latter, it can not be very hurtful.

The air we breathe has the same elements as aqua fortis, but in different proportion, and that makes all the difference in the world. Coffee and strychnine are composed, as far as chemistry can inform us, of nitrogen, oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon. But, coffee contains of nitrogen, two parts; oxygen, two; hydrogen, five; carbon, eight. Strychnine contains of nitrogen, two parts; oxygen, four; hydrogen, twenty-three; carbon, forty-four.

To show, in familiar substances, what difference is made in the quality of an article, simply by a difference in the proportion of the chemical constituents, we may state those of the air we breathe and aqua fortis or nitric acid: the air contains, by weight, in round numbers, oxygen, twenty-five; nitrogen, seventy-five. Aqua fortis contains, by weight, in round numbers, oxygen, forty; nitrogen, fourteen. So that any article of food or drink may have in it the elements of the most deadly poison, and yet, in consequence of a difference in the proportions of those elements, it may be not merely innocuous, but very healthful, and highly nutritious. The practical result of the whole matter is simply this: it is immaterial what coffee contains, as long as its immediate effects are agreeable; while, as to

its ultimate effects, a man or woman may use it safely to the age of three score years and ten. If there are some persons whom it effects unpleasantly, the dictate of common sense is for them to let it alone, at least for the present. Such persons have brought themselves to this condition of things by their beastly use of the beverage, and turn round to kick the stone they stubbed their foot against. Being better photographed in the fable of a fox without a tail, or that of the dog in the manger, we dismiss the subject.

Thus it is that men of confined views, of limited observation, and still less information, assert with cool confidence that coffee is poisonous — just as if they knew all of any thing, when really they know all of nothing. The truly learned are cautious in their declarations; they fear to deal in other than general expressions of opinion, and leave a bridge of retreat. They are the last men in the world to use sweeping adjectives; “certain,” and “always,” and “never,” with words like them, are not found in their modest vocabulary; “it appears,” “it seems,” “it is probable,” are frequent phrases in their conversations and writings.

As to the bold assertions that coffee is not healthful, is not nutritious, is poisonous, we must appeal to our general observation. People use it daily, and yet live to three score and ten. For a hundred years past, it is more and more used by all who speak the English language; and yet, within the last hundred years, the average of civilized life is greater, by several years, and the Anglo-Saxon races have increased more rapidly than in any other age. To say that they have done this in spite of the increasing use of coffee, and that its ill effects will begin to be felt before a great while, is nothing more than the impudent assertion of a cornered ignoramus.

A single fact sometimes demonstrates a great truth. Within three

years, a party bringing the mails from the Rocky Mountains were overtaken by a snow-storm; and in their official report, they stated, that for two weeks their *entire* subsistence was a few bags of coffee, on which they traveled. Had there been no nutriment in coffee, they must have died. To this the anti-coffee man will reply: “We don’t know that,”—nor do they know any thing else. Meanwhile, if some persons will not use coffee, there will be more left for those who do; and as for ourselves, we ask the liberty of being allowed to eat and drink what we like; and we do most cordially allow that liberty to others, and “no questions asked.”

Minute chemical analysis says that the essence of coffee and tea are identical. We believe that both are nutritious and healthful, when taken, with one restriction, as a beverage — never increase it in frequency, strength, or quantity.

M. Caron, of Paris, says that minute investigation seems to justify his assertion that the nutritious properties of the French beverage of coffee and milk, half and half, are neutralized by the astringent qualities of the coffee, for coffee and milk in a bottle did not begin to decompose for twenty-seven days; but milk and sugar began to decompose in three days; he infers, therefore, that coffee interferes with the digestion of the milk; and that, therefore, most of the nervous and allied disorders, such as neuralgias, irritations, and hysteria, which affect those who live in cities, may be very properly attributed to the coffee they use. It is just such refinements as these which fill the world with so much nonsense. Putting milk and coffee into a bottle, is not putting it into a human stomach. Who can say that it is not the milk which hurts the coffee? Besides, all the milk or cream generally used by Americans in coffee, would not amount to a quart in a week, consequently, if the coffee did retard its digestion, it could be no very great affair.

It is just the same refining nonsense which induced some man to publish a book, a few years ago, in New York, the burden of which was, that we used too much bread, that it made the bones brittle, that if we continued to use it so freely, a man would fall and break to pieces the first time he stumped his toe; closing with the assertion, that the great remedy for all this was to live mainly on grapes, any quantity of which his friend Dr. was prepared to furnish. "In the name of the prophet—FIGS!!" The general sense of observant persons is, that the proper preparation and moderate use of coffee is, considering our general habits of life, nutritious, safe, and healthful. As to its rational employment, we have already remarked: it should be roasted and ground immediately previous to its use, not burned in an open pan, but just browned in a closed vessel, and boiled in such a way as to prevent the loss of any of its essential qualities—a simple and perfect device for which is found in what is now generally known as "The Old Dominion Coffee Pot," manufactured by Arthur, Burnham, & Gilroy, of Philadelphia, Pa.

It may be instructive to the mental philosopher, to report an incident in our office the other day, as illustrative of the extreme pugnacity of even cultivated minds, as to some things that are new, contrasted with their shark-like voracity in swallowing others. A professional reader of our *Journal* called to make inquiry as to the coffee-pot we had mentioned in a previous number, and insisted that we must be mistaken as to any advantage of boiling it two hours; that he had often prepared his own coffee, and always found that it became bitter, if boiled even half an hour. We suggested, that, perhaps, he boiled all the good qualities away, and retained the refuse.

"But," said he, "if you confine the steam, it will explode."

"Precisely," we rejoined, "as your

retort explodes when you distil alcohol or water!" For we knew he had a laboratory of his own.

He determined to buy an "Old Dominion" forthwith. There are not a few who estimate the measure of their own wit and wisdom by the number of objections they can raise against what is claimed to be new and useful. In their inordinate fear of being imposed upon, they run to the other extreme; forgetting that quite as great a wrong is done to themselves and to society in opposing what is really good, as in blindly advocating a mere pretence.

FAMILIAR CHATS UPON FAMILIAR THEMES.

"GOOD afternoon, Mrs. Flag," said Mrs. Mason, as she entered her neighbor's sitting-room one Tuesday afternoon; "I got so sleepy over my work that I thought I would catch it up and run in to sit with you a little while."

"I am glad you did; make yourself comfortable upon the lounge; here, take this footstool! the afternoon is pleasant, isn't it?"

"Delightful! Don't trouble yourself to rise; I can wait on myself. I'll just hang my bonnet on this chair-back; I can not stay a great while; what a fine array of linen your clothes-bars display; what time did you finish ironing?"

"Not till after eleven. I had a great many starched clothes this week, and besides, I have made soap this morning."

"Soap!"

"Yes, soap! and I had excellent success, too. I don't wonder that you look incredulous; you did not see me fretting and foaming over a great kettle, and smoking my eyes out over a fire in the back yard, nor have you seen any signs of a leach."

"No, indeed, I have seen no signs of soap-making. I thought you bought all of your soap; you are

getting some joke upon me; you did not make *much*, I'll warrant."

"Yes, I made enough to last me a long while, enough to do our washing a year, I should think, and it is very white and nice. I will show it to you before you leave."

"But how did you make it? where did you boil it? Is it any thing new?"

"The method is quite new to me; I never heard of such a thing until last evening. You know I have always used the Chemical Erasive Soap ever since I kept house; it is an excellent article, but rather too expensive, I think, or at least mother has tried to convince me that it was. She did not like the idea at all of my getting along without the old-fashioned custom of yearly soap-making. *She* always made soft soap every spring, and she thought it very strange that I did not, and when I told her that I never could save grease enough, she laughed at me. You know, Mrs. Mason, that in such small families as we have, there is but little waste, and besides we eat so little meat, that with the exception of a few ham-rinds, I never have any thing to save for soap-grease. Well, mother said I need not have *that* for an excuse; so the last time she came over, she brought me a little jar of nice, clean grease, which she had cleaned herself. I was so busy all the while she was here, that I never thought to remind her that now, since we have our coal cooking-stove, we do not have any wood ashes, and, after she had left, I told James that any time he could find time to put a leach, I would make some soap.

"And where will we get the ashes? coal ashes will not do, will they?" said he, and I laughed at my own dilemma, but I had heard of using *potash*; so last evening I went down town, and asked at the druggists for *potash*. Mr. Weimer said that he could furnish me with a can of it which would cost six shillings.

"But," said he, "why don't you

get some *concentrated lye*, if you want to make soap?"

"Concentrated lye," said I, "and what is *that*?"

"A preparation for making soap; just the thing you want," said he; "it is only twenty-five cents a cake, and all who have tried it about here, like it very much; you had better try a cake."

"So I brought home one of the little cakes, and when I read the directions upon the wrapper, I did not have one bit of faith in the success of the trial I was about to make, the process seemed altogether too simple and easy. James laughed at me, and said he had heard about this *concentrated lye*, and that some wag had declared it to be obtained by boiling down the political papers of the last campaign. I told him that I did not expect to make much on my soap speculation, but that I was going to try the experiment; and so I got up early this morning, and as soon as breakfast was over, I put my two large iron kettles upon the stove, and went to work. I followed the directions to the letter, and in less than two hours I had *fifteen* gallons of as nice soap as ever you saw. You see I only had to boil three gallons of it; the remaining twelve gallons of water are added *cold*. Oh, I tell you it is nice! I am delighted with my experiment; do come down into cellar and see it."

"Well, now, that is good-looking soap — what a perfect jelly, and it is so light-colored, too."

"Yes, and only think, it only took four pounds of fat to make all of this; why, a person would save a great deal by making this, even if the fat used was nice lard at a shilling a pound — seventy-five cents say for the fat and the lye, and then in an hour or two you have all this nice soap. I am so glad I found it out; and there are directions for making hard soap, too, and cleansing hard water so that it will be as soft and good for washing clothes as rain water."

"Well, I declare, I shall try it right off; but do you think it will be as good to wash with as the *Chemical Erasive*?"

"Yes! just as good for me. You know I have the washing solution made of soda and lime. I was glad to see a recipe for it in *The Ohio Farmer* a few weeks ago. I have used it for years, and think it preferable to any thing I ever saw for saving labor in that truly laborious department of housekeeping, *washing*. With this preparation Monday loses its horrors, washing becomes comparatively easy, and I do not think any kind of labor-saving soap is necessary."

"I have never tried your method; I have always intended to, but some how never have; I believe I will next week. You get your clothes out long before I do every Monday; I rather think it is in the way you do it. I won't admit that you can turn off work any better than I can, ha! ha!"

"All in the method, depend upon it. I don't work as hard as you to wash the same amount of clothes, I know, and it is so nice to have a boiler full over before breakfast."

"I will get you to tell me again, if you will, how you manage your washing, and try it myself next week. I have always thought the old way good enough, but I am getting over some of my old prejudices about new notions and labor-saving inventions."

"Well, I'll tell you. I get one pound of unslacked lime, and two pounds of sal soda; the whole cost of the material is thirteen cents. I put them over the fire in a kettle with two gallons of soft water; when the mixture becomes dissolved and boils, I set it off the fire, and as soon as it settles, pour off the top, and set it away to use. I put my soiled clothes into a tub every Sabbath evening, and cover them with clean, cold, soft water. Monday morning, James sets my wash-boiler into the stove as soon he makes a fire, and by the time I have got the breakfast under way, and my

clothes wrung out of the soaking water, and all the dirty spots and streaks soaped, my boiling water is ready. I have three pailsful of water to boil my clothes in; to this water, as soon as it comes to a boil, I add a common-sized tea-cupful of the solution. I then put in my clothes, and leave them to boil while we take our breakfast. Half an hour is the rule for boiling them, but they wash all the easier to remain over the fire longer—an hour does not hurt them. When I take them out, I have only to put them through the *sudsing* and rinsing waters, starch my fine clothes, and my white clothes are ready to hang out. Then I wash my calico clothes through the same waters, (excepting the boiling suds, of course,) and my washing is done; no hard scrubbing up of tenacious *streaks*, or applications of acids or fruit stains; every thing in the shape of dirt, and *almost* every kind of stain takes leave in a hurry."

"I have heard some people object to it as having a tendency to make the clothes yellow in time, and others say that clothes do not wear as long when washed by this method."

"I know some people raise such objections, but I have used the solution over three years now, and my clothes keep as *white* as need be, I am sure; and I believe they wear better—of course they do, they do not have to be rubbed all to pieces in removing the dirt."

"You spoke of starching your fine clothes directly after washing. I have been trying that way lately, and I like it much. I used to think I could get collars stiff enough if I starched them when wet, but I find I can by making the starch a little thicker. I think it much less trouble to do the starching when you are about it, than to let it go till you fold your clothes; and I have found out a new way to keep the flat irons from sticking and getting rough."

"What is it; a little salt in the starch?"

"No! it is only to rub a bit of

beeswax over the iron when you take it hot from the stove, and then polish it by rubbing it briskly with a cloth or paper."

"I will remember that, but you are not putting up your work so soon, are you?"

"Yes! I have finished all that I brought over. I must run home, and do my mending, and by that time William will be home and want his tea, and I shall be glad to have evening come. We are reading 'Jane Eyre,' and I can hardly wait. We left off last night at the twentieth chapter, just after Jane's interview with the Sybil, and the mysterious agitation of Rochester on hearing of Mason's arrival, and —"

"Do n't tell me a word! I want to read that book when you get through with it, and I do n't want to get any idea of what it contains till I read it. You like it, I know."— *Ohio Farmer.*

JENNIE RAY'S TRIALS.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

"**D**EAR me! it's very hard!" sighed Jennie Ray, sitting by the little window of her mother's front room, and looking out upon the pleasant street full of the sunshine of October, and bright with rustling leaves shaken by a soft wind from the oaks and maples which lined either side of the way.

Her hands lay listlessly in her lap, and her drooping lids looked as if she were ready at any time to weep; and when, a few moments later, two young and fashionably-dressed girls went by, laughing and chatting gaily to each other, and never glancing toward the little brown house, the tears fell fast and heavy. "It's *very* hard!" she exclaimed bitterly, making no effort to wipe them away. "What have I done that these girls should be so much happier than I? We used to play together upon equal terms once when we were children at school, and now they hardly remember my

name. How beautifully they were dressed!"— the lips were quivering, and the hands pressed hard together. "I am tired, and sick, and miserable! so tired, that I almost wish I were dead. I have nothing to make me happy!"

Poor Jennie! it was not often that her fair brow wore so troubled an expression. It was seldom that she murmured in her heart, much less gave such passionate outward expression to her feelings; but there are moments when the silver chord of patience, long stretched, will break; when the cup of tears, long silently filling, will overflow; when the slightest jar will overthrow the beautiful temple of resignation built up with so much loving toil. And such a moment had come to the usually cheerful and placid young girl. She was, indeed, weary, and, with exceeding weariness, had come an hysterical excitement of the over-burdened nerves. She had been doing all the washing for their family of six, besides which, she had scrubbed the kitchen, and put it to order, and helped at various tasks, and, as she was but seventeen, and rather slender, she had done more than she was really able to do.

Now she had just slipped on a clean dress of nicely-ironed calico, and a collar which she had herself crotched, and which was her only adornment, and had stolen away to the retirement of the front room to rest herself for half an hour before folding the clothes on the line and getting tea. It was a glorious autumn day; and as she looked forth upon the sunshine, she longed to escape from the cares and perplexities of the house, and wander at will up and down the sunny path, or out into the country. But to this there were at least three objections: she had not the time, she had not the strength, and her only pair of shoes had received that morning an unsightly rent which precluded her appearance in public until she could procure a new pair; and when that would be she could not tell.

When Jennie Ray was a child she dressed as prettily as any of her companions with whom she attended the village seminary. Her golden curls dancing over her dimpled shoulders, her red cheeks, and bright, intelligent eyes, were set off to advantage by handsome sashes and frocks, and "sweet" hats, hoods, and pelises,—so, of course, she was familiar with the language of praise and commendation, and her loving little heart was seldom grieved by slight or sarcasm. But as she grew older, while the fathers of her school-friends waxed more and more comfortable in worldly goods, building new houses, or repainting their old ones, buying pianos and brocatelle sofas, and getting every year a little more of city style and a little less of village simplicity, Jennie's father was slowly but surely "going down the hill." His one-story cottage was weather-beaten and brown, and there was never any addition made to the fading glories of the best room. The yard in front was still full of flowers, which gave the old place a refined aspect, and the stately oaks and luxuriant maples shaded it fondly as of old. The declension of the fortunes of the Rays was owing not so much to a falling off of the father's business, which was that of a small dealer in books, stationery, and fancy articles, as in the melancholy fact that he was becoming the victim of a quiet but deadly dissipation. No one ever saw Mr. Ray staggering under the effects of liquor, and many of his neighbors did not suspect, for years, the cause of his pale and haggard features, his growing moroseness, and the evident gloom and poverty which were settling, like shadows, about his steps. Mrs. Ray, in womanly silence, kept counsel with her own heart, shedding her tears in the secret watches of the lonely night, doing the best she could for her children, and unable to ask sympathy even of her eldest, her bright, beautiful Jennie, whose naturally joyous disposition rebounded

from every thing sad or perplexing.

With the growing demands of her family upon her strength, and the failure of her health, the mother, being unable to employ assistance, was very reluctantly compelled to take Jennie from her school at the age of fourteen, just when the child was passing a very good course of study. This caused inexpressible regret, and she delayed it as long as she could possibly, practicing such self-denial as only mothers can, for month after month, until utter inability to accomplish all that devolved upon her, compelled her to the step. Jennie had very cheerfully given up school, for she was a thoughtful girl, although so sunny-tempered, and was anxious to prove her love for her mother by being constantly near, with light foot and willing hand, to serve her.

It was scarcely a year after this change, when Mr. Ray, probably made desperate by the consciousness that he was losing all of his better self and making his home miserable, concluded to go to California. The opposition of his wife was of no avail; and, indeed, so deeply did she feel that his absence would be no worse than his presence, and that her influence over him for good was lost, that she made but feeble resistance to his will.

It was with unutterable sadness that she bade an almost hopeless farewell to the man she had once so deeply loved and honored, and found herself alone with a wrecked constitution and five children dependent upon her for a home.

By the sale of his stock of goods, which had not recently been replenished, Mr. Ray had raised a sum of money which enabled him to lay in a season's provision for his household, and leave them a hundred dollars besides what he required for his own purposes. Beyond that slender portion, the mother hardly dared to look. To be sure, her husband was certain that he should do better for her than he had done for years; but she had

no confidence in his resolves. Oh! how precious did the old homestead grow to her in that time of sorrow! It was a place of shelter, where her children could be *at home* as long as their united energies could find them food and fire — should it come to that. If she had possessed good health, she would not have felt discouraged; but, as it was, her hope was at times very low. Jennie was the only one old enough to be of much actual service to her for some years. The next child was a son, an obedient, pleasant boy twelve years of age, who had secured a place in the store which his father had owned, and who boarded with her. Ellen, ten years old, must go to school; then there were two younger.

Now it was that she realized the blessing of a good child. Jennie seemed intuitively to comprehend her mother's troubles, and to take a womanly interest in the affairs of the household, while showing the utmost tenderness and consideration for her.

"Mother, you must not lift that — it is too heavy." "Mother, I shall do that ironing myself; I see by your face that your head aches." "Now, mamma, I *know* I can do that just as well as you!" were expressions every day upon the young girl's lips; until finally, nearly the whole housework was done by her, to say nothing of the sewing in which she assisted — sewing which she was compelled to solicit from others for a year before our history commences. Mr. Ray had sent them fifty dollars nearly twelve months since, and they had not heard from him again; so that they began to depend upon their needles almost entirely.

All the long hot summer Jennie Ray had toiled, still cheerfully, seldom out of humor, seldom despondent. Not one new article of dress had she indulged in, not one of the pleasures, natural to her years, had been hers; her old associates neglected her; she was not invited to pic-nics or parties, no one paid her

compliments, no fond relative made her presents, she had but few books to read.

During the month of September two of the younger children had been very sick, and she had been up with them much of nights, and since their convalescence her mother had not been so well.

And now she sat by the window, this bright October afternoon, and looked through the withering vine-leaves, across the yard, and out upon the happy street with its gay and prosperous comers and goers, and the cup of her trouble brimmed over.

"I am tired of living!" So thought the girl of seventeen, under the accumulation of cares and mortifications hard for a youthful spirit to bear. Yet, with all her heavy trials, what did she know of the sullen, ceaseless, dull heartache of old age and ill health? The very outburst of her bitter feelings helped to dispel them, as an April shower brightens the air. Already the burden of her misery seemed lightened, and she was leaning, with flushed cheeks, and eyes from which the tears yet dropped at intervals, her weary head against the casement, when suddenly, with quick, pre-occupied step, the clergyman of her mother's church passed by. He was a young man who had only been settled over the parish about a year, and who probably was not acquainted with the details of her history. In fact, he was almost a stranger to her, for she had not attended church even once during the past summer.

The bright, earnest eyes of the minister caught sight of his youthful parishioner, and he made, involuntarily, a half pause; but seemed to be in haste, and only bowing with a kind smile, he passed on. Jennie's face was suffused with blushes, not so much at wonder of what he would think of her neglect of the Sabbath, as at the knowledge that he must have seen her tears.

"But what does he care? Even the ministers of Christ are so much

the worshipers of money, that they only do their duty to their *fashionable* and *wealthy* parishioners!" murmured Jennie, whose unhappy mood had not quite passed away.

Nevertheless, she hardly believed in her heart what she asserted of Mr. Lincoln, for there was something in his noble, exalted countenance which belied this too-prevalent worldliness; and Jennie, for the life of her, could not help feeling better for that bright, sympathetic smile he gave her.

Presently she began to regain courage to take up her burden again. She went out into the back yard, and while she folded the clothes, wished all the while that she had money to buy some fruit for her mother, whose appetite was so delicate, or that she could think of some nice dish for tea.

Supper was over, the children were in bed, except Ellen, who was studying her lesson; Mrs. Ray and Jennie had just sat down to their evening sewing, when there came a knock at the front door. It was so seldom now that they received a friendly call, that they were almost startled. When Ellen opened the door, the minister walked in, bearing in his hand a basket of beautiful grapes and peaches.

"I have brought them to you, Mrs. Ray, as a slight apology for my neglect lately; they are all out of the parsonage garden. You come so seldom to church, and I have had such an excess of duty this summer, that if I had not chanced to see Miss Jennie's face at the window this afternoon, I do not know how much longer I might have postponed this pleasure," and he turned his glance upon the glowing face of the young girl, as if he mutely asked the cause of her tears.

Notwithstanding her slight embarrassment, she hastened forward gracefully to take the basket from his hand, saying gratefully, "I was wishing so much that my dear mother could have something—" and here

she paused, for was she not betraying their extreme poverty by her very thanks?

He understood her very well, although he did not betray the surprise and interest which he felt. He took the chair she offered him, entering into a cordial and animating conversation with the mother, evidently greatly pleased with her refinement of mind and superior intelligence to many of his more showy parishioners. Jennie sat by the table, taking a few stitches now and then, listening with affectionate pride to her mother, and with eager interest to the clear philosophy and pure sentiments of the young man. It was so long since she had enjoyed any kind of a social and intellectual treat, that her cheeks burned and her eyes shone with a soft, beautiful excitement, strangely fascinating to the minister, who glanced often for sympathy into that sweet, intelligent face.

Mr. Lincoln made a long call, and before he left, ventured upon his clerical privilege of expressing a delicate sympathy for Mrs. Ray, and inquiring if he could be of any service to her in any manner. "And may I not ask why I have seen neither you nor your children at church for so long a time?"

For an instant his hostess hesitated, and her eyes dropped; but she raised them soon with a glance of mingled pride and sadness. "My own health has been such that I could seldom have attended; and, if the truth must be told, Mr. Lincoln, Jennie has not had garments in which she could appear at church."

Involuntarily, for he would not otherwise have been guilty of the rudeness, his glance ran over the young girl's form, noticing the plain calico dress, and the torn shoe upon the little foot, hastily withdrawn beneath the shelter of the skirt.

"It may be that we are too proud to be followers of Christ, who bids us take no thought of what we shall wear," continued the mother, half

deprecating; "but a certain degree of self-respect seems almost to prompt that we should conceal such humiliating wants. Poverty is new to us, Mr. Lincoln, and hard to bear in some of its aspects. Still, we try to do the best. Jennie, will you empty the fruit from the basket?"

Jennie took the basket into another room to remove its contents; and while she was absent, the heart of her mother, touched by the real sympathy which her visitor betrayed, flowed out in her words:

"One blessing that my poverty has been to me, is in the proof it gives me of the goodness of my child. Oh, Mr. Lincoln, Jennie is our comforter, our servant, our adviser, our mainstay. I could not live without her! She is all thoughtfulness, willingness, and patience, and betrays to me every day qualities that make me happy despite of trouble. No sacrifice is too great for her affection to endure; and I believe that she tries humbly to fulfil a Christian's duties."

While her mother's voice was yet trembling in her praise, the lovely child returned, and, as he took the basket from her, he pressed her hand, saying with emotion, "Be true to your duty, however hard it may seem in the present, and God will certainly reward you, Jennie, with an exceeding great reward."

Those few words of encouragement gave a fresh impulse to her drooping spirits. When she retired to her little chamber, she read chapter after chapter of her Bible hopefully, and praying fervently, sank to slumber full of high resolves.

To those who are reared in luxury, petted and indulged, whose greatest sacrifice is the resignation of some costly trifle which they do not need, it would be impossible to convey an impression of the thousand self-denials, the trials of patience, the petty vexations, and the stinging mortifications which came daily to the young girl. These could not be borne as gently and conscientiously as she

bore them, without having the effect to elevate her character, and even to enhance the beauty of a countenance sweet with patience and bright with pure unselfishness.

She grew beautiful every week, all unknown to herself, and never dreaming that any one saw any thing to admire in her simple manners and plain attire. While she felt within herself a proud superiority of character to those of her former associates who now treated her with condescension and contempt, she never thought of denying them the charms with which their better fortunes endowed them,—she only tried not to be envious.

Their minister did not forget his interest in the family. Through constant kind effort he obtained for them employment that otherwise they would not have had, and promoted a very general desire to assist them on the part of the community. There was no house in the village at which he called in a more friendly manner; and he had many opportunities for silently observing the ripening grace of the young girl's mind and heart. It pained him to see how sadly her strength was taxed, and how frequently she suffered from the slights of others less worthy. He counseled with her, directed and cheered her; in return, she gave him the full confidence of her innocent heart, bringing to him her doubts and perplexities, confessing to him her repinings, repeating to him her desire for excellence, her wish to attain to the heroism of an unshaken 'faith, hope and charity.'

The winter was a severe one. Fuel and provisions were high. Often there floated before the fancy of the pastor, as he sat before his glowing grate in his comfortable study, the image of a thinly-clad young creature, patiently plying her needle in a humble room inadequately warmed.

The family had usually all the work they could do; but as Mrs. Ray was disabled by rheumatism the most of the winter, the fingers of Jennie, nimbly as they might fly, could not provide

many comforts. The needle is a slow way of earning a support for one, but when five are dependent upon it, even for fire and food, it may be guessed that there will be no superabundance.

Every evening, Willie Ray stopped at the post-office in the ever vain hope that there would be a letter from the father of whom they still had no tidings of, whether he were living or dead.

On Christmas day there was a drop-letter for Mrs. Ray, which she found, upon opening, to be a blank sheet enclosing a twenty dollar bill from some unknown friend. The crimson roses flushed up into Jennie's cheeks when she perceived the contents; the mystery was no mystery to her—her heart told her who had been the giver, and while her pride rebelled at their being the recipients of actual charity, she felt the delicacy and kindness of the gift. The next time Mr. Lincoln called, he read in her eyes what was passing in her mind—those clear blue eyes were the mirrors of her pure soul, and he was growing very fond of looking in them.

The terrible winter dragged itself slowly away. With the warmth of spring, Mrs. Ray was released of her rheumatism, and her health was in every way improved; but with the lessening of the strain upon her energies, came reaction to Jennie, and she was stricken with a low, nervous fever. Wildly the mother prayed in her heart that her beloved child might be spared to her, and her prayers were heard. During her tedious convalescence, an angel could hardly have been more lovely than the sweet girl who never murmured, never expressed a wish which she knew exceeded her mother's slender means. Nevertheless, she was supplied with many delicacies which come, sometimes from an unknown hand, and sometimes professedly from her pastor, who had been with her when she seemed nearest unto death; and who now cheered many of the dragging hours of recovery.

One lovely morning in May, he called, with a bouquet of snow-drops, crocuses and violets, which he had gathered from the garden, and found her sitting by the window for the first time since her illness. She looked so almost ethentially beautiful, in her white wrapper, with her long, golden curls streaming back from her face, and the soft light of happiness in her eyes and on her cheeks, which always brightened at his coming, that his soul swelled with a rapture which he could no longer suppress. As he gave her the flowers, he took the small thin hands in his own, which she reached for them, and pressed them tenderly to his bosom.

"They are not so brown with toil as they were," said Jennie, with a blush; for his face was beaming with a story she could not but interpret.

"These little hands," he answered, as he sat by her side, "may have had tasks before them in this life—they may be brown with toil—but they will some day be pure and white, in heaven, Jennie."

"These flowers seem to give me a feeling of new life—they make me entirely well," almost whispered the young girl, for his dark, bright eyes were upon her with a look she could not bear.

"I brought them from my own home, Jennie. The parsonage looks sweetly this spring. I have bestowed much care upon the vines and flowers, and the house itself is full of light and sunshine. It wants but one thing more to make it indeed *home*, and that is a mistress, Jennie. Your pastor is in want of a wife."

It was not long after this that Mr. Lincoln announced to his friends that he should soon bring his bride to the parsonage. The village was on the *qui vive* to know who she might be, for so strangely did her poverty blind their eyes to the merits of pious and beautiful Jennie Ray, that they never dreamed the humble sewing girl was their gifted pastor's choice.

The wedding took place very quietly,

one magnificent September evening, and the bride was not altogether portionless either. Her years of patience and labor had met a rich reward, even in this life, which is not always the case. Her father had returned a reformed man, as by the blessing of Providence upon his family's long-continued prayers. And he was able to give his daughter a very pretty outfit. The haughtiest maiden of the village might have envied her pure exquisite beauty, as she appeared in her delicate wedding-dress.

The trials of Jennie Ray were such as eminently fitted her for the position she was called to assume. If he had searched through ten provinces, Mr. Lincoln would hardly have found another so peculiarly endowed with the virtues becoming a pastor's wife.

If all who "suffer and grow strong" do not, like Jennie, find their reward so palpably before them, they still have their precious returns in immortal growth and glory of the spirit:—

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds no farther than to-day."

POOR ARTHUR.

BY JAMES O. PERCIVAL.

CHAPTER I.

IT had been a hot and sultry summer day in Cloverton, but it was growing cooler now, for the heat of the day was over, and already the shadows of the maple were growing longer upon the grass. Upon the door-stone of his home, as the night came slowly down, sat Arthur Meriton.

The sun was slowly sinking behind the blue hills that loomed up in the dim distance, and the boy gazed dreamily over into the west as its last beams glistened for a moment on the tall and tapering church-spire, sparkled on the brook, and then glancing for an instant through the tree-tops, sank below the horizon, leaving but a few faint streaks of red in the

deep blue of the sky, to show where it had disappeared.

"I wonder what mother meant, when she said that was the way she was going," he murmured unconsciously, as the last glimmer faded into obscurity, and an uncertain twilight crept over the scene. "She said her life now was like the setting sun. It can't be that—"

A faint voice calling his name, interrupted him as he spoke. He did not answer, and a shade of vexation passed over his face as he relapsed into a dogged silence.

"Arthur!" said the voice again; "Arthur, my son!" But he answered not.

Once again it called, and this time, as if by a painful effort, it was raised to a louder pitch. "Arthur!" it cried, "*do* come but for a moment. Arthur, dear, it's almost over—only a moment—oh, my poor, poor Arthur!"

"Mother!" angrily exclaimed the boy, as he leaped from the door-stone, "can't you let me alone? ain't you going to give me any peace or any rest at all? I shan't come anyhow, so there now."

He stopped and listened for a moment, as though expecting to hear an answer to his cruel speech, but none came. The echoes of his voice died away, but not another sound broke the solemn silence that reigned supreme in the silent house. Once he fancied he heard his name softly whispered, and he advanced a step toward his mother's apartment; but a moment after, and dashing away the truant tear that had stolen down his cheek, and choking down the half-formed resolve to rush into his mother's arms and crave forgiveness for his cruel words, he once more seated himself upon the door-stone.

Lights were now glimmering from the windows of the farm-houses near, for the night had come, and Arthur sat long on his seat watching them as they shone brightly out through the darkness beyond, and glistened through

the heavy foliage of the trees that lined the brook-side. After a little, the lights seemed to grow dim and indistinct, his eyes heavy and at last, pillowing his head upon his arm, he dropped into a gentle slumber. Let him sleep; though, as he slumbers, the lustre of bright eyes are being dimmed, and the throbbings of a warm and gentle heart hushed forever. Let him sleep!

Margaret Meriton, Arthur's mother, was a widow, in what the world chooses to term moderate circumstances. That is to say, she did not suffer for the common necessities of life, but enjoyed an easy competence acquired for her by a now deceased husband. She was one of those large-hearted, Christian women who are ever working out good and noble results in quiet and unseen paths. But neither goodness of heart nor gold can purchase health or arrest disease, and at the date when our little story opens, Mrs. Meriton was rapidly sinking under the powerful influence of an insidious disease. The village gossips said that "she enjoyed bad health," but beyond that none knew or exerted themselves to any extent to know the true state of it. She lived almost alone in her little cottage just out of the village, Arthur and a serving girl being her sole companions.

It was midnight when Arthur awoke. The dew was falling, and he felt chilled by the cool night air. Arising, and collecting his wandering senses, he called aloud to his mother; but his voice echoed and re-echoed through the silent house, bringing back no answer. Again he called, and again his own voice was the only sound that disturbed the quiet of the place. Once more he called, and then groped his way to his mother's room. Her door was open, and by the uncertain light of the moon, he could discern objects in it quite easily.

On the bed lay his mother. Her eyes were closed as if in sleep, and

she smiled as though she dreamt of angels. He spoke to her, but she answered not; he touched her, but she stirred not; there she lay with the moonbeams dancing over her, and that saintly smile upon her face — pale — silent — dead!

* * * * *

Cloverton had not witnessed for many a day such a procession as that which followed the remains of Margaret Meriton to their last long resting-place. Suddenly the villagers seemed to have found out the treasure they had lost in her death; the poor, the *true* friend, whose face beaming with kind sympathy and benevolence, they were never again to behold; and Arthur, poor Arthur Meriton, found when too late, that harsh and cruel words had robbed him of the best earthly friend he had ever possessed. No wonder then, that he followed the hearse over the long, rough road that led to the graveyard, a sorrowful and broken hearted boy, and that when the clods of the valley fell with their dead, dull sound upon his mother's coffin, he felt that under them lay buried all his bright and golden hopes of future joy and greatness.

The shelter of every roof in Cloverton would have welcomed Arthur Meriton that night, but he declined every proffer. He staid at the lonely spot where now both his parents lay silent, until the old grave-digger had put the last spadeful of earth above his mother's breast, and replaced the turf; and then, as the moon shone down upon him, and the stars twinkled brightly in the quiet sky, he left the spot, and in the dim twilight of that summer night wandered off, far from his home, and from Cloverton, and far from the grave of his mother.

Many suns rose and set, many summers came and went, but he came not back, and the village people wondered as they thought of him, and said, poor Arthur.

CHAPTER II.

How swiftly the years fly past.—The *shadows* and *sunshine* of twenty seasons had played upon Cloverton since the night on which Arthur Meriton had left it, yet during that time no tidings had ever come back of his condition, or any thing connected with him. Whether he was alive or dead, happy or miserable, no one in Cloverton knew.

The hand of change had been busy in the little village, during those twenty years. Not that the village itself was changed, for that had in reality altered but little. The old tavern stood where it always had, with its ancient and dingy sign swinging and creaking before the door, and its group of dozing idlers on the porch. The mill kept up the same perpetual buzzing as of old, and the church with its tall, slim spire pointing to heaven, and the brook with the meadow beyond was the same—just the same as in years before.

But with the inhabitants, the villagers themselves, was the change. Twenty years had told a long story with them all. The old men had grown older and older, and passing quietly away, been laid to rest in the village churchyard. Those who had been the young men twenty years before, were the old men now, and those who then were a laughing band of schoolboys, were a scattered band now. Their days of play and childish frolic were over, and growing up they had gone forth into the busy world around them, to fight, each for himself, the battle of life.

One by one, they had wandered back to their native place. Some to enjoy the fruit of their years of toil, and some baffled and disappointed in their highest plans and schemes, had come back to die among the old scenes and faces of their childhood's home. But among them all was no Arthur Meriton.

It was a warm August afternoon, that a weary and wayworn stranger

wandered into Cloverton. He seemed, at least, a stranger. No one greeted him, or spoke his name, or took his hand with the grasp of affection and kindness. No fireside seemed to need his presence to complete their household group, and he wandered up the street, with the village people staring at him, a weary and unwelcomed stranger. Half way up the street he stopped. Before him, and surrounded by tall, untrimmed shrubbery, was an old and ruinous cottage. The stranger gazed at it for a moment silently, and then opening the broken gate passed into the yard.

Night was now closing in upon the village. The sun had traveled far toward the hills that bound the horizon, and the stranger sat himself upon the door-stone of the silent cottage, gazed over into the west, and watched with eager eye the gorgeous tints in the western sky, that betokened a glowing morrow. Then the daylight faded into starlight, and the stranger, from his seat, watched the glimmering lights of homes off upon the hillside, as they struggled faintly through the darkness and gloom. Then he knelt upon the stone, and with his face toward the stars, prayed, and then rising, passed on into the house. In a little room, with the light of the moon streaming in at the open window, he lingered long, then knelt again and prayed. Then he rose and left the house.

Once more in the street, he took one long, last look at the dilapidated cottage, and passed quickly on,—passed on until the cottage and the church and the village were behind him, and plain white tablets by the roadside told him that he neared the "city of the dead."

Opening the creaking gate, he entered the enclosure. Down in one corner, a small, white slab marked a lowly grave, and to this spot the stranger made his way. There was no wavering, no stopping, his feet seemed to know the path. No one saw him as he knelt again, and prayed,

earnestly and beseechingly upon the old grave, as he struggled hard to trace out the dim letters upon the moss-grown tombstone, and, as he listened and wept, strong man though he seemed to be, at the whisperings of the night wind as it rustled the foliage of the ancient elm above him. No one was there to disturb or question his actions, and with his head upon his arm, like a little child, he laid him down

Between the graves, with the dead all round,
To rest.—

The night wind whispered louder, but he listened no longer to its murmurings. The moon and stars, one by one dimmed, and the glory of that summer night faded slowly away; night passed, the morning came, and the sun rose high in the heavens, but the stranger woke not. Villagers came to perform the last sad rites to some newly departed one, but at their steps he moved not, at their call he answered not, for he was dead. They raised him gently from the damp earth, and pushing back his raven locks, chafed his cold brow and temples, but it was of no avail. The spirit had departed. Upon his arm, in large, bold letters, they found his name, Arthur Meriton! The ends had met, the lost was found at last.

Decently they cared for him, and when at length the sun had wheeled his course over into the Western sky, and night was throwing its dusky mantle about the hills, they laid him down to rest upon the spot where but a few hours before he had closed his eyes in peaceful slumber.

There were two graves there then, but there are three now, and above the newest one, deep cut in the small brown stone, and half hid by the rank weeds and thistles, are the words, Poor Arthur.

THE EVIL OF A BAD TEMPER.

A bad temper is a curse to the possessor, and its influence is most deadly wherever it is found. It is allied to martyrdom to be obliged to live with one of a complaining temper. To hear one eternal round of complaint and murmuring, to have every pleasant thought scared away by their evil spirit, is a sore trial. It is like the sting of a scorpion—a perpetual nettle, destroying your peace, rendering life a burden. Its influence is deadly; and the purest and sweetest atmosphere is contaminated into a deadly miasmi wherever this evil genius prevails. It has been said truly, that while we ought not to let the bad temper of others influence us, it would be as unreasonable to spread a blister upon the skin, and not expect it to draw, as to think of a family not suffering because of the bad temper of any of its inmates. One string out of tune will destroy the music of an instrument otherwise perfect; so if all the members of a church, neighborhood, and family, do not cultivate a kind and affectionate temper, there will be discord and every evil work.

—Steele.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

A WAY from home. A noiseless kiss upon the downy cheeks of the little slumberers, and the stage wheels us out into the dimness of the morning, with its heavy rumble over the pavement that bears no other echo, chiming with the dull pain there always is in leaving the dear ones in the sheltered nook at home. Who will say that home is not the place for a mother—the spot where her affections must cluster, and her presence abound?

Those mothers who choose a boarding-house for a home, and who find delight in a life that leads them constantly away from their own fireside, are not akin to us. But sometimes the index that marks our way in the world, points us over the threshold and out among the busier marts of life: and then we can only trust the ones we cherish to the same care that guards through the watches of each night, to protect them while the pall of darkness hangs between us.

When the last good-by had been said, and the neighing nostrils of the steam horse betokened our departure, we settled ourselves back to resume the morning drowse from which we had been summoned at so unusual an hour. And then we appreciated fully the advantage of the wide and well-ventilated cars on the Erie Road. The adjustable *pillow* for the head, though not quite so comfortable as the one we had left, was about as good a substitute for it as could well be expected on a railroad car. But when we roused ourself after a time to see the sun rise, and found that we were not smothered with cinders and smoke, we decided that the arrangements for ventilation were a still greater advantage than the easy seats. One may manage to sit comfortably, and still continue the union of spirit and physique, but human nature does really require some kind of breathing material in order to exist.

It was a most lovely day that broke upon us when the morning came, and dull as it is to be alone amid the crowded discomforts of a railroad car, the glimpses of the rainbow-tinted hills that we caught through the windows, were sufficient compensation. The

lalleghanies were in the fullness of their autumn glory—beautiful beyond comparison. The tall, immovable evergreens stood as somber and stately among the glowing red of the maple leaves and the beautiful lemon tints of the beach, while the smaller shrubs and trees threw in a variety of tints, forming a panorama to which the ribbons and jewels in Broadway can bear but a faint comparison. At the foot of the painted mountains, the Susquehanna rippled quietly over the stones as if it had become too much accustomed to the glowing beauty above to get in the least excited over it.

Early in the morning, an Irish woman had come forward from the farther end of the cars, and taken a seat not far from me, placing what appeared to be some large bundles on the seat beyond and on the floor beside her, and seating her little boy in front. She was moving about the shawls and blankets she had during the day, in a way that attracted my attention, but she seemed annoyed by my notice of her, and turned her attention away.

In the latter part of the day, I heard her little boy asking for some cakes, and inquiring if she had "monies." When I returned from taking tea at the place where we stopped for that purpose, I saw that she still kept her place, and that her little boy had fallen asleep. I had with me a box of sandwiches and cakes that I had taken for lunch, and passing them over to her, asked if her little boy would not like to make his supper from them. The manner in which the little fellow ate when she had roused him, as well as the eagerness with which she assisted him, made me thankful that the lunch which had been prepared for me at home, had chanced to be superfluous. On arriving at our place of destination, I found that I had lost the address of the friends I was to visit, and I called upon the conductor to assist me in finding a directory. He very kindly offered to look up my friends for me; but I now found that the woman of whom I have spoken, had carried with her through the whole day her dead infant, wrapped in the blankets which had so at-

tracted my attention. It had died on her way from Chicago, and there the poor mother had sat, nursing her grief, in the midst of a crowd of strangers, holding her dead baby in her arms, and shielding it from the notice of the unsympathizing about her. The conductor was already occupied in assisting her off the cars, and I now regretted that the annoyance she had shown at my particular notice had prevented me from inquiring into the cause of her distress.

The conductor was soon ready to accompany me, and I shall always gratefully remember his kindness in relieving me from so unpleasant a dilemma as that of losing the address of friends in a strange city.

In our absence from home, we find always here and there the strange faces of those with whom our editorial duties have made us a pleasant and familiar acquaintance. On receiving an introduction to a gentleman in a crowd one day during our absence, he turned on hearing the name, and said, "Mrs. A. . . ! I once read a poem commencing—" and he repeated the first stanza of one of the long ago effusions of our brain. Do you know who wrote it?"

"Yes, sir," we replied, "it was our own personal property once long ago."

"Well, then," said he, "we are friends already. That has been one of my household songs for years."

It is pleasant to find friends in strange places, when it is our task work that has won them—pleasant if the whip that drives the busiest of us through the world, may sometimes have a note of music in its snapping. We trust that the bonds that have bound us to "THE HOME" family may not be forgotten. But with the coming of the new year we shall leave the desk at which we have so long catered to the readers of "THE HOME," for we are called upon to take charge of another journal more fully our own than that upon which we have hitherto labored.

In the midst of all our aims and labors for success or for usefulness, we are but working in the dark, for "man proposes, and God disposes." But in the midst of this darkness which hangs over the results of our efforts, it is one great consolation to know that all things are disposed by Him whose existence is bright, and in whom is no darkness at all.